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**Buck's Rock
Performing and Creative Arts Camp
presents...
THE 2011 FESTIVAL MUSICAL**

"Gypsy"

Book by Arthur Laurents Music by Jule Styne

Lyrics by Stephen Sondheim

Director

Ernie Johns

Assistant Director

Alexis Ortiz

Choreographer

Alicia Sanabria

Music Director Helene Ilste

Specialty Choreographer Hayley Sunshine

Sound Design Jacob Levitin

Scenic Design Josh Witt

Lighting Design Jeff Greenberg

Costume Design Donna Allen

Production Manager Sam Kusnetz

Stage Manager Alexis Ortiz

Assistant Stage Manager Jessica Albano

Technical Director Josh Witt

Program Cover Design Lesley Steele

Program Design Eimear McClean

rehearsal pianist **Helene Ilste**

Cast

(in order of appearance)

Uncle Jocko - Bridget Cavanagh
Georgie - Izzy Rozas

Balloon Girl - Amelia Sylvor Greenberg

Clarinet Boy - Isabelle D'arcy

Baby June - Sabrina Sternberg

Baby Louise - Sylvie Robinson

Rose - Madeleine Emerick

Pop - Maria Maclay

Rich Man - Will Gillman

Rich Man's Son (Young L.A.) - Amelia
Sylvor Greenberg

Tap Dancing Urchin - Elizabeth
Schweitzer

Little Boy Scout - Sophie Knight

Weber - Anna Ticker

Herbie - Sam Dworkin

June - Jessica Faust

Louise - Lena Cole

Young Tulsa - Sophie Knight

Tulsa - Piper De Palma

L.A. - Hannah Trobaugh

Young Yonkers - Isabelle D'arcy

Yonkers - Sophia Eller

Young Angie - Gabby Kleinberg

Angie - Will Gillman

Kringelein - Sylvie Robinson
Mr. Goldstone - Edie Copp
Miss Cratchitt - Bridget Cavanagh
Agnes - Sabrina Steinberg
Marjorie May - Sylvie Robinson
Dolores - Hannah Trobaugh
Thelma - Sophie Knight
Gail - Isabelle D'arcy
Cigar - Sophia Eller
Pastey - Will Gillman
Tessie Tura - Maria Maclay
Mazeppa - Sara Tolchinsky
Electra - Anna Ticker
Renee - Sophie Knight
Phil - Izzy Rozas
Bourgeron-Cochon - Amelia Sylvor
Greenberg

ORCHESTRA

CONDUCTOR

Alyssa Wirkus

VIOLINS

Eilidh Firth & Blathnaid Kiely

PIANO

Helene Ilste

VIOLA

Hallie Voulgaris & Emma Tallon

CELLO

David Wiley

BASS

Rob Borchert

FLUTE

Lu Lyons

CLARINET/SAX

Katy Maurant

CLARINET

Max Ventura

OBOE

Bess Cohen

TRUMPET

Steph Wilkes

PERCUSSION

Greg Smith & Josh Rauch

Production Manager

Sam Kusnetz

Technical Director

Joshua Whitt

Dance Captain

Zoe Snow

Set Crew

Joshua Whitt

Serge Lobatch

Leanna Scotten

Stephen Thompson

Adam Wyrton

Collins Hilton

Hannah Trobaugh

Deck Crew

Rachel Fenwick-Smith

Matt Smith

Laura Miller

Charlie Cohen

Chris Truini

Master Electrician

Aaron Quick

Lighting Crew

Elizabeth Schweitzer (Asst. Lighting
Designer)

Jena Goldman (board op.)

Ali Lee (spot op.)

Rachel Berger (spot op.)

Jeff Greenberg

Ro-Z Edelston

Aaron Quick

Aaron Rabinowitz

Jessica Albano

Liesel Anderson

Ian Kohs

James Covello

Jonathan Frier

Louis Nye

Isabella Steward

Emma Giventer-Braff

Costume Crew

Charity Sellers

Donna Allen

Lydie Horgan

Laura Mylott Manning

Emily O'Leary

Penelope Deen

Lia Gaccione

Sound Crew

Stephen Swift

Paul Perry

Jacob Levitin

Special Thanks

Jason, Tamara and Marla, the Theatre
JCs, the Theatre CITs, Bri & Clown, Hayley
Sunshine & Dance, Pub, Photo, Music Shed,
Kitchen, Culinary, Starbucks, Zoe Huber-
Weiss and her Chinese Spoon, Mrs. Huber-
Weiss for her wonderfully delightful phone
message, The Tampa Bay Rays for taking
themselves out of contention by August
1st, Mickey and Laura, and of course, Ernst
and Ilse

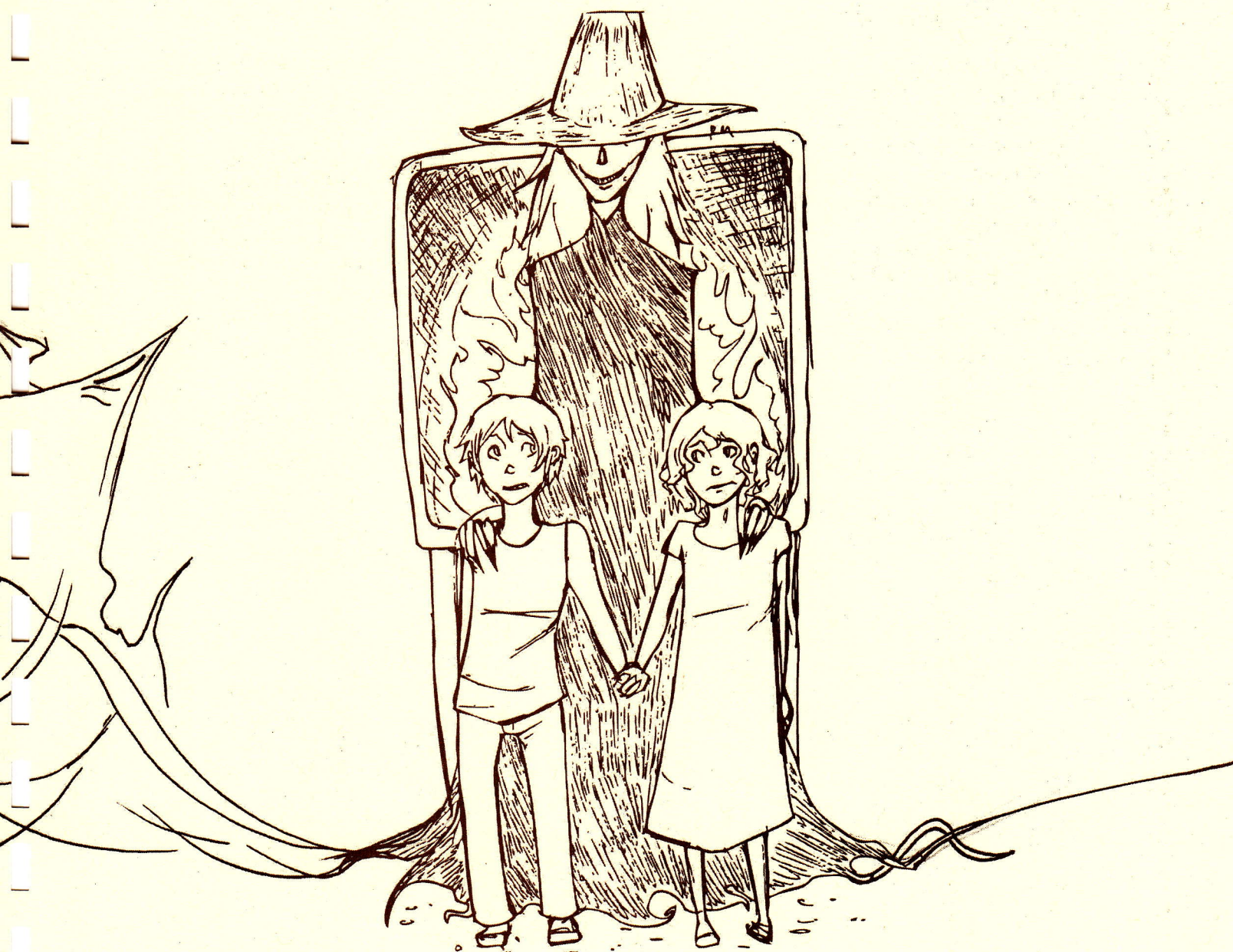


roduction



and

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nce upon a time, a princess in distress took matters into her own hands. Problem solved, the end.

The End.

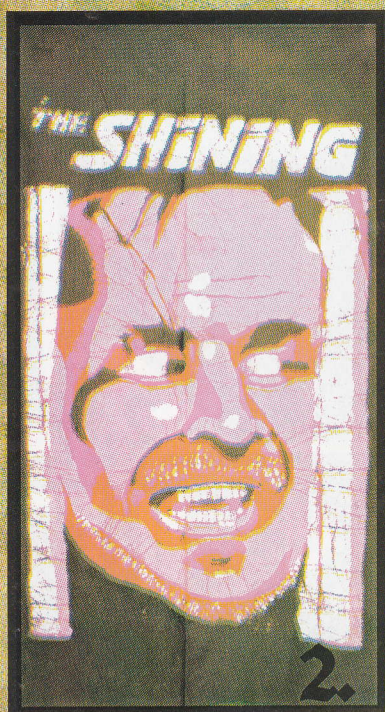
Jessy Katz



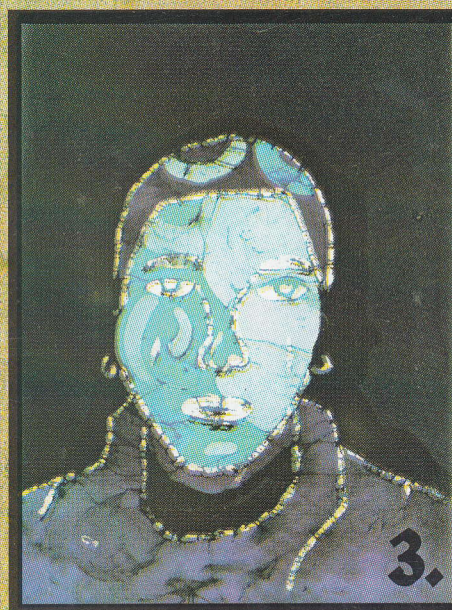
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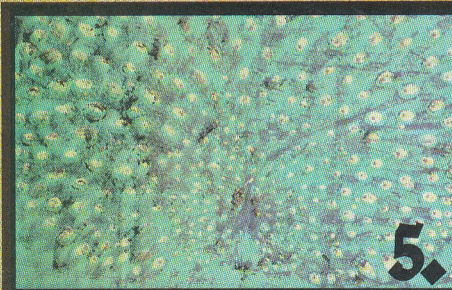
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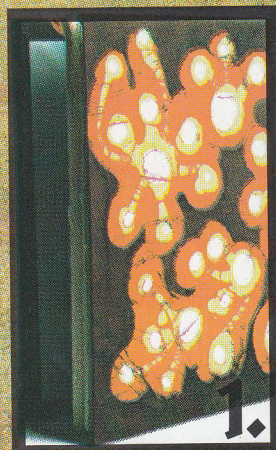


6.

1. Lilith Shapiro 2. Julian Perricone 3. Sandro Peppe 4. Rebecca Goldin 5. Marielle Markovitz
6. Isabel Rivero



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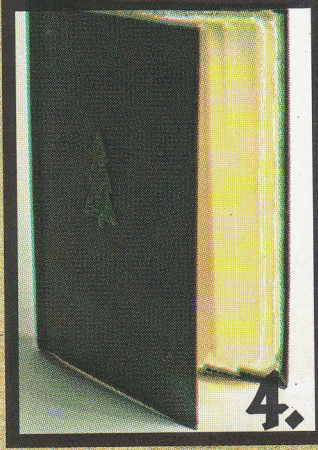
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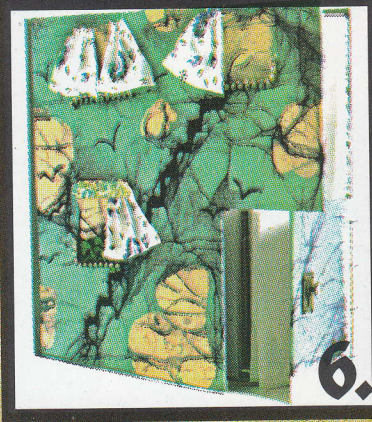
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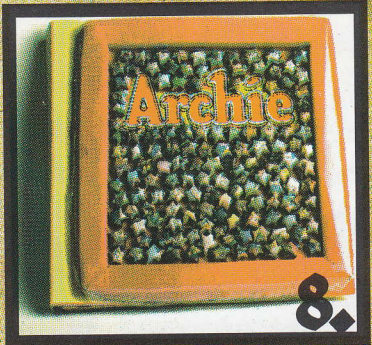
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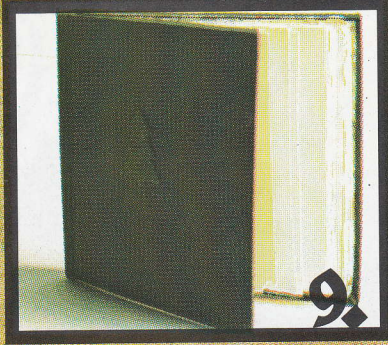
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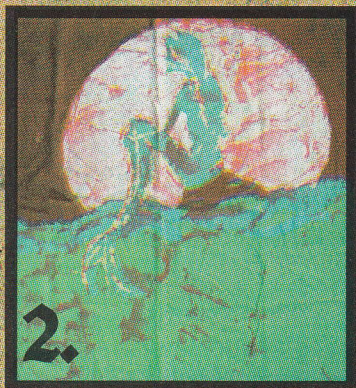
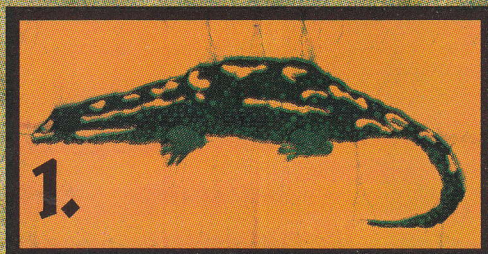


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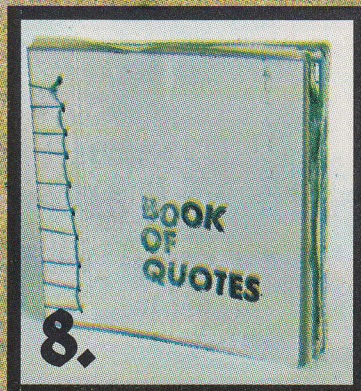
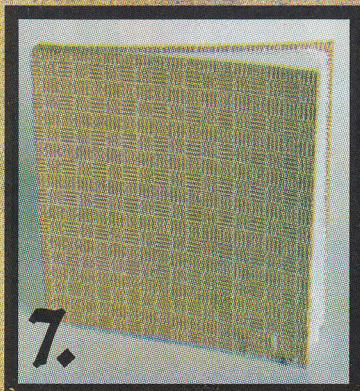
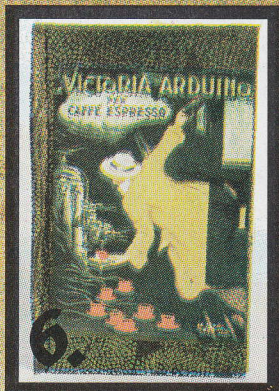
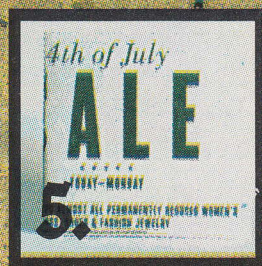
1. Sofia Peppe 2. Rowan Maccoll 3. Zachary Everett 4. & 9. Kimmy Hunt
5. Lilly Millette 6. Rebecca Goldin 7. Kiana Johnson 8. Yael Bloom



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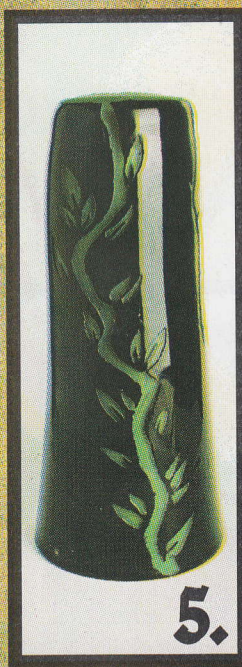
1. Hannah Kramer 2. Veronica Sadler 3. Mika Glogowski 4. Simone Reisman 5. Rosalie Horton
6. Ethan Jadow 7. Noa Bengis 8. Ethan Parker



ceramics



glass



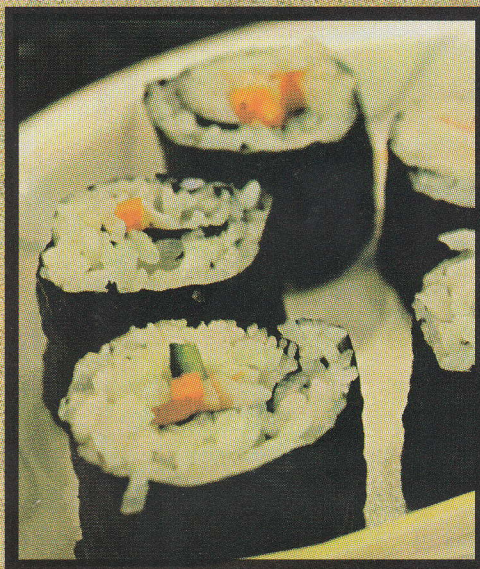
1. Alek Glogowski 2. Piper De Palma 3. Alek Glogowski 4. Katie Tapper 5. Katie Tapper 6. Hannah Kramer



ulinary



1.



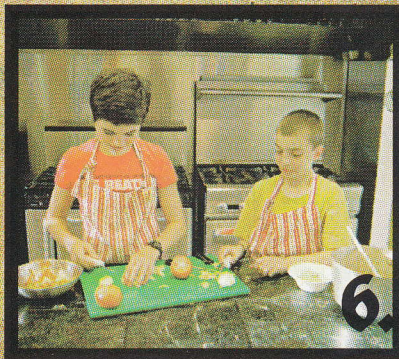
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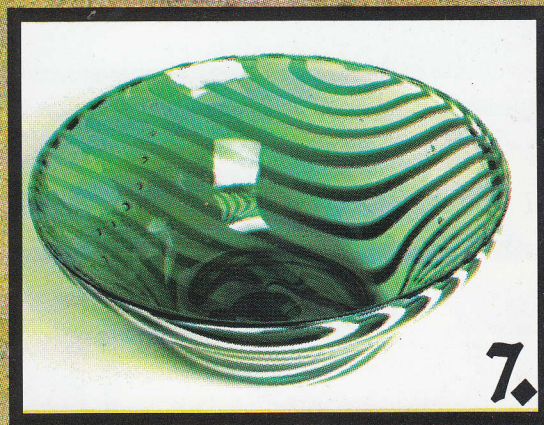
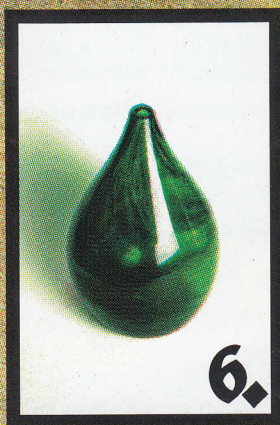
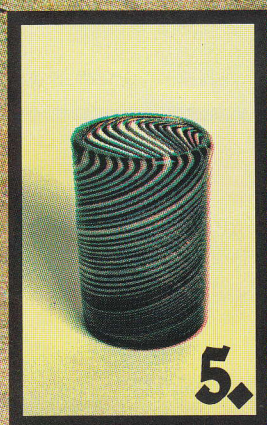
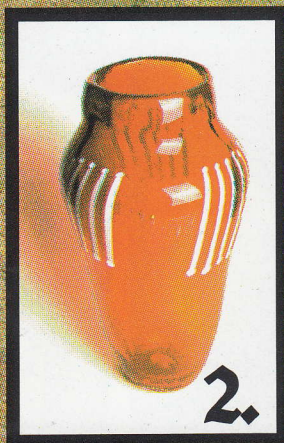
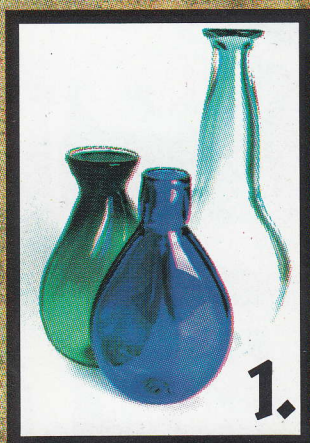


6.

- 1. Bread Rolls
- 2. Vegetable Sushi
- 3. Raspberry Buns
- 4. Strawberry Shortcake Stacks
- 5. Emily Morris, Katie Tapper & Claire Holtz
- 6. Sylvie Robinson & Zachary Everett



lass



1. & 2. Mark Bochner 3. Claire Tenhula 4. Jake Fein 5. Ari Klau 6. Michael Schreiber
7. Katie Tapper 8. Max Markovitz



lameworking

1.



2.



3.



4.



1. Katya Nye
2. Isabel Furman
3. Katya Nye & Hannah Blenison
4. Katya Nye



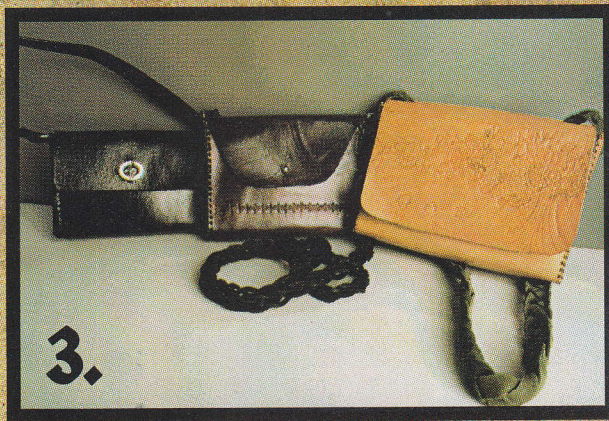
Leather



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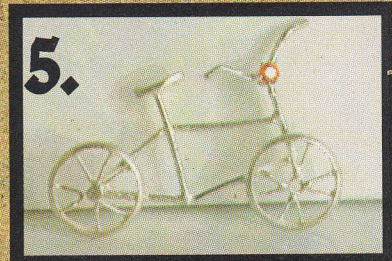
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Metals



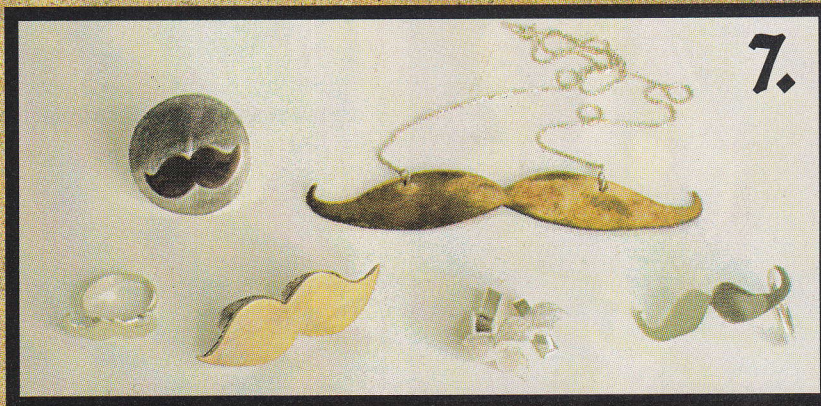
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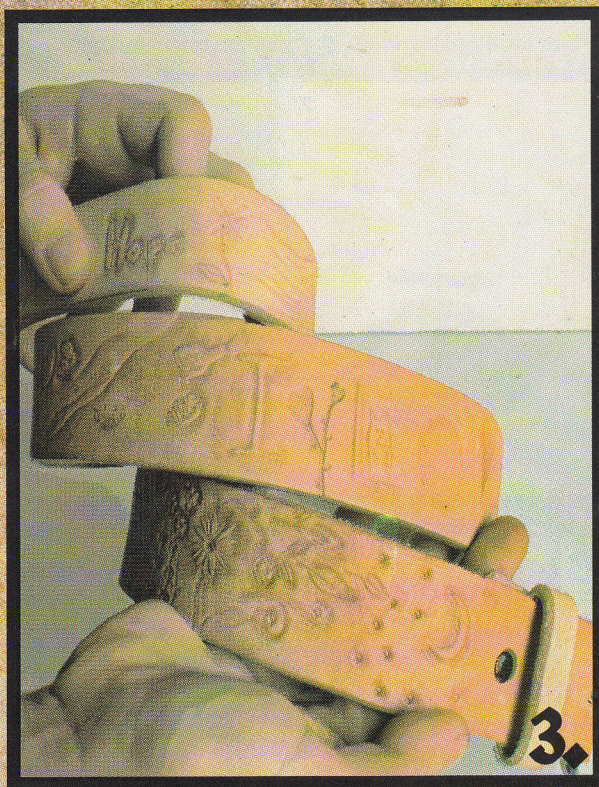


7.

1. (from left) Claire Inglis, Sarah Paraszczak, Maddy Rich 2. (from top left) Maddy Rich, Claire Inglis, Caela Camazine, Kreg Franco 3. (from left) Becca Haber, Victoria Garner, Tess Trobaugh 4. Helena Boyer, Kate Reardon 5. Zeke Hodkin 6. Tom Tenhula 7. (from upper left) Lilly Millette, Helena Boyer, Jenna O'Dell, Lilly Millette, Lilly Millette, Kate Reardon



Leather



1. Lilly Millette, Laura Morrison, Helena Boyer, Ellen Cooper 2. Claire Lindsay, Adriana Nanda, Caela Camazine, Rebecca Haber, Sylvie Robinson, Stella Katz, Charlotte Friedman 3. Liv Binzen 4. Caela Camazine, Emma Olender, Calla Gault 5. Gavin Petty, Nell Pearson, Rebecca Goldin



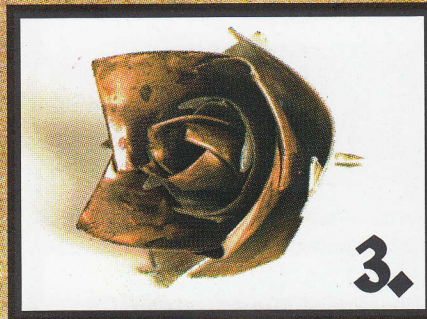
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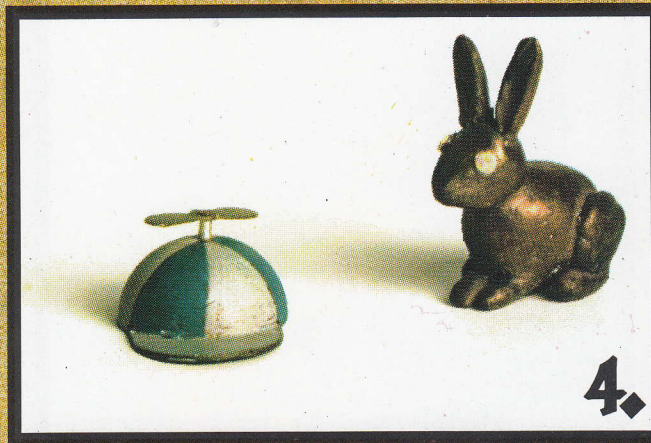
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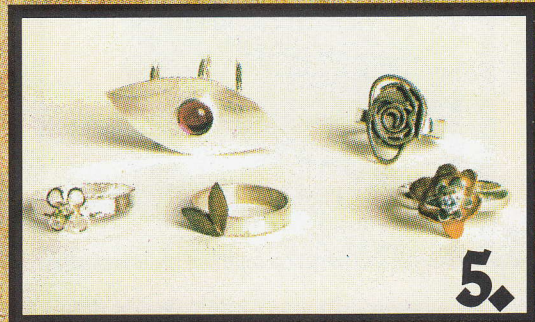
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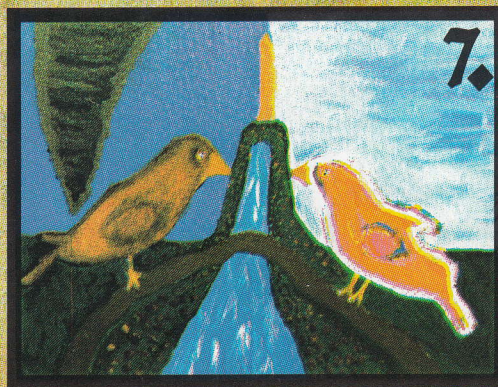
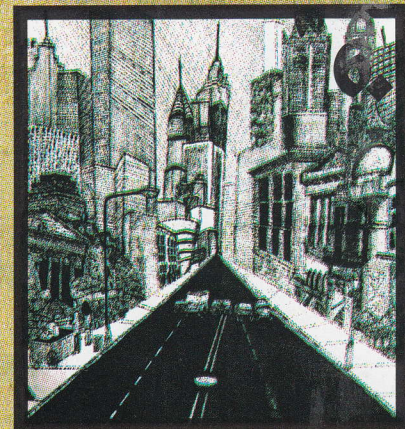
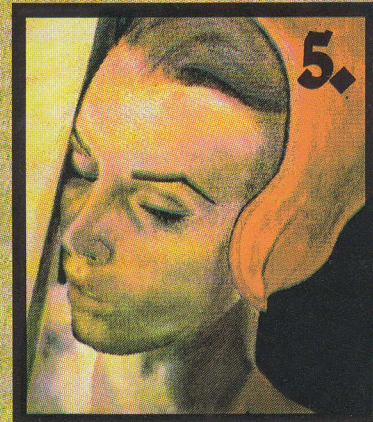
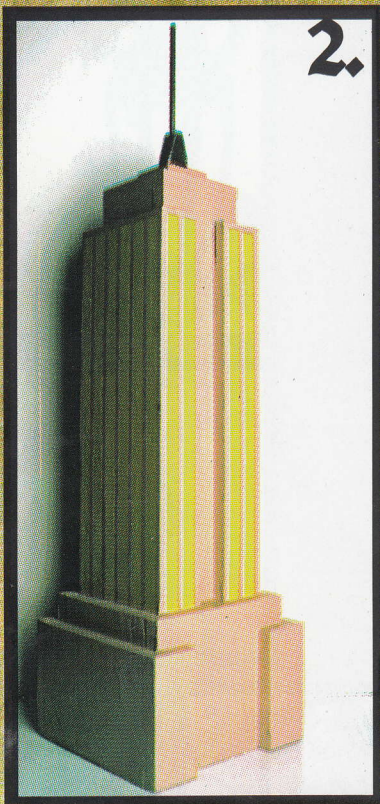


6.

1. Sara Miller 2. Marielle Markovitz, Elena Rizzo, Sarah Skran 3. Luu Li Haas 4. Jonathen Kupfer, Tess Trobaugh 5. Laurie Morrison, Cole Simon, Mina Cooper, Rebecca Haber, Rachel Katz 6. Rachel Katz, Tess Donovan, Maya Holland, Adriana Nanda, Tess Trobaugh



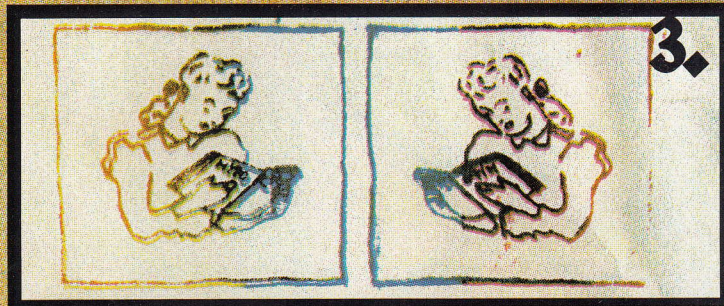
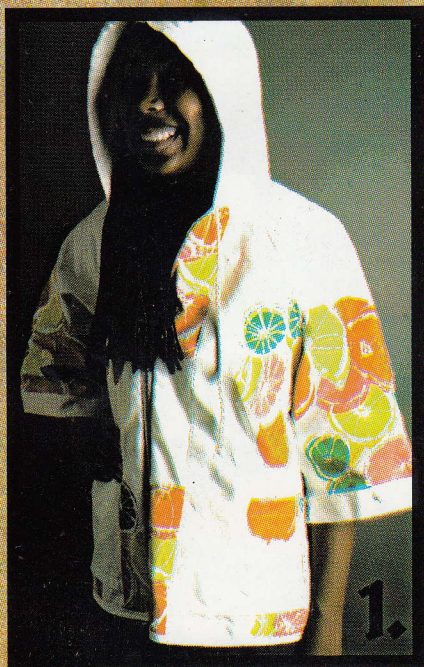
Painting



1. Emma Olender 2. Bryan Thompson 3. Allie Miller 4. Jenny Horn 5. Rachel Katz
6. Kara Schechtman 7. Zilana Lee 8. Melissa Joscow



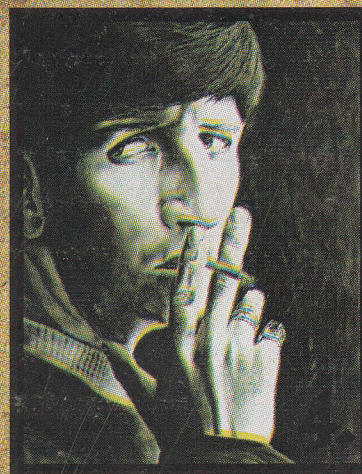
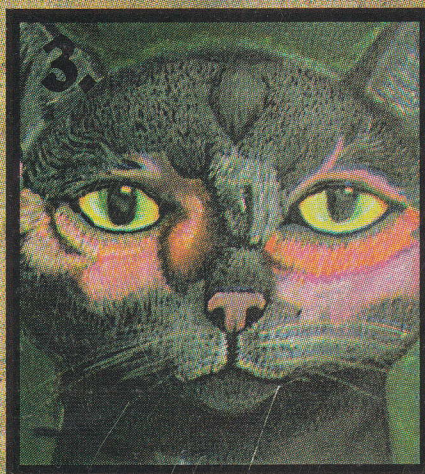
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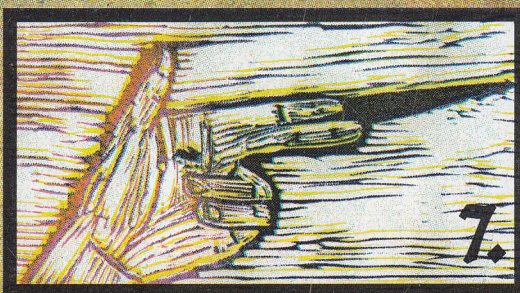
1. Ayo Keys 2. Melkorka Ingibjargardottir 3. Luke Klosterman 4. & 5. Ali Lee
6. Thea Rossman 7. Sarah Skran



ainting



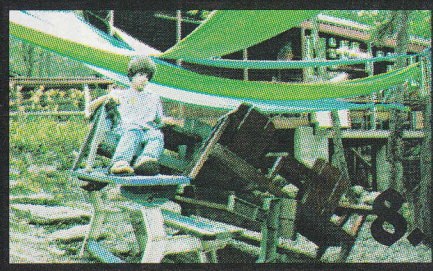
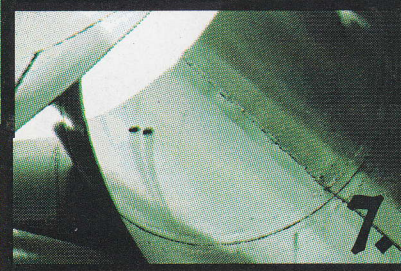
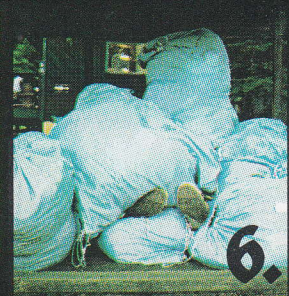
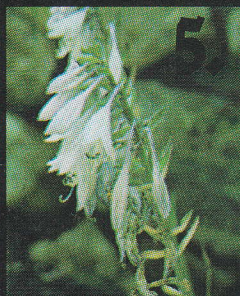
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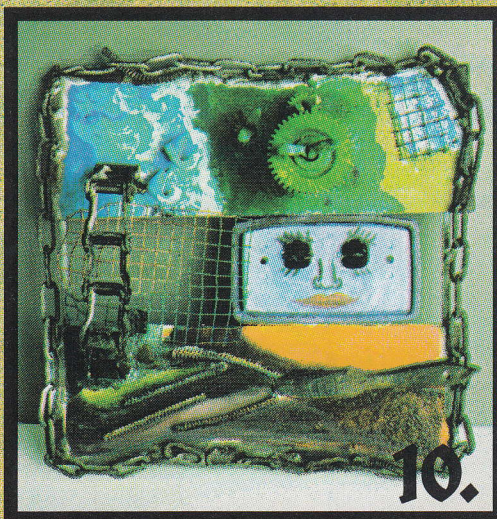
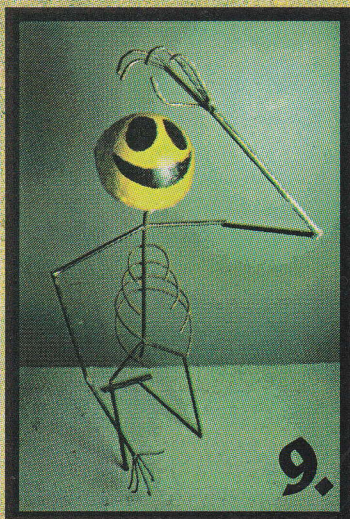
1.Maddy Rich 2. Jessy Katz 3. Selean Ridley 4. Kreg Franco 5. Kara Schechtman 6. Jonah Palmer 7. Charlie Panek 8. Jesus Morales



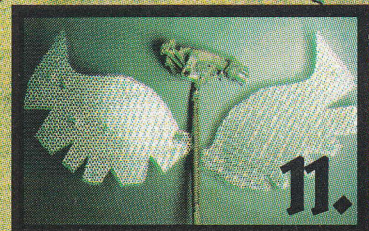
hoto



culpture



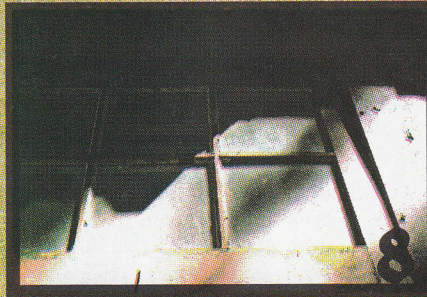
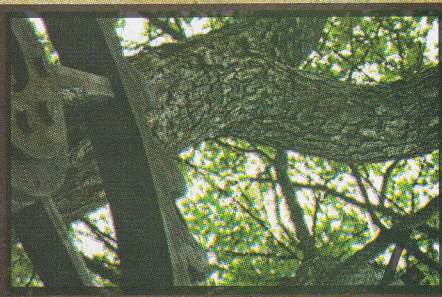
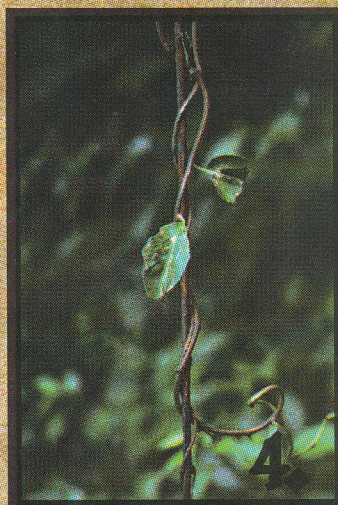
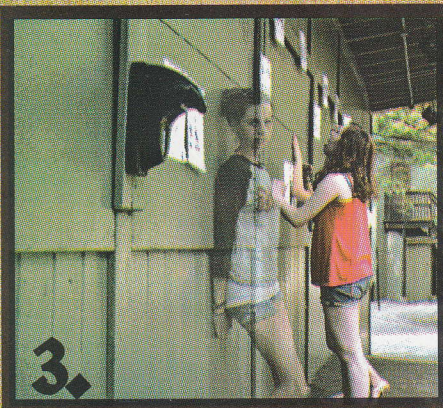
1. Tommi Tamburelli
2. Gwen Richardson
3. Piper De Palma
4. Conor Behrens, Ross Dener, Max Markovitz, Max Helburn, Jake Fein
5. William Gillman
6. Same as #4
7. Jack Nobel
8. Lyris Schulman, Luke Klosterman, Anthony Dean, Chris Luessen, Caroline Scannell



9. Sam Nast 10. Allie Miller 11. Josh Rauch



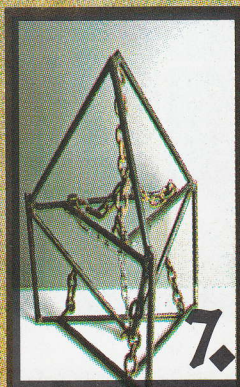
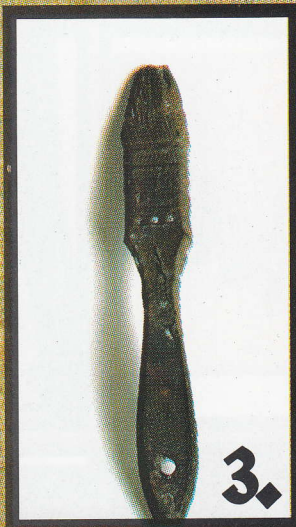
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1. Luke Klosterman 2. Malena Ordnung 3. Zoe Klein, Sophie Millette, Ellen Cooper, Isabel Furman
4. Hannah Kramer 5. Ani Steinmetz 6. Ava Dennis 7. Gwen Richardson 8. Danielle Farage



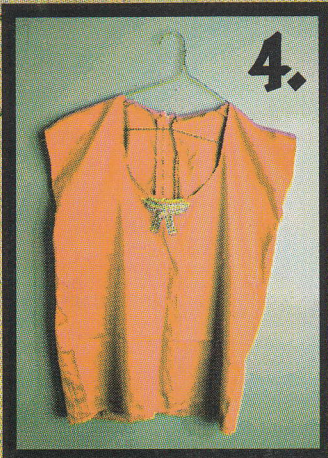
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1. Joe Holtzman 2. Rebecca Goldin 3. Allie Miller 4. Maddy Rich 5. Cosmo Brossy 6. Emma Olender 7. Sam Nast



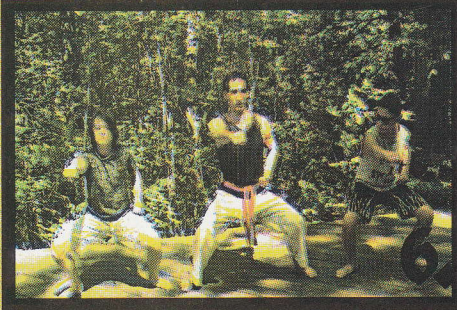
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1. Claire Grummon, Mina Cooper, Sarah Skran 2. (from left) Ayo Keys, Emily Harter, Charlotte Friedman 3. Lilith Shapiro, Kimmy Hunt, Kiana Johnson 4. Ayo Keys 5. Zoe Rutkovsky



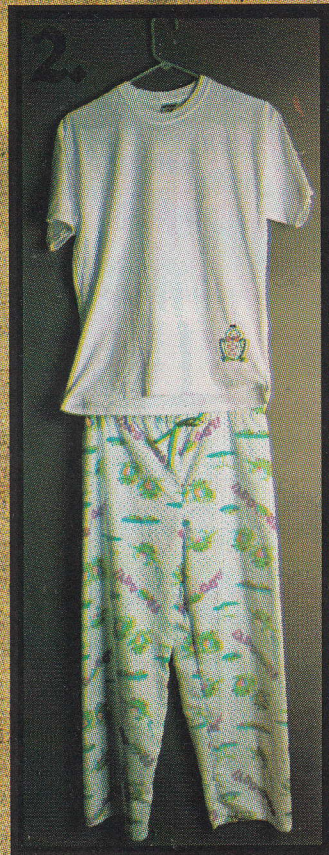
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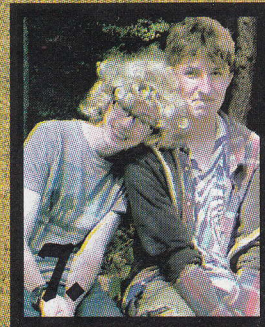
1. "Chris Forby, The Early Years" by Ben Jackson
2. "Sisters" by Izzy Baker
3. "Home" by A.J. Seiden & Maya Holland
4. "Camp Life" by Max Retik
5. "Coca-cola Commercial" by Maxine Devitt
6. "Ninja Movie" by Derek Gianchetta & Matthew Collyer
7. "Night of the Living Jacket" by Scarlett Machson



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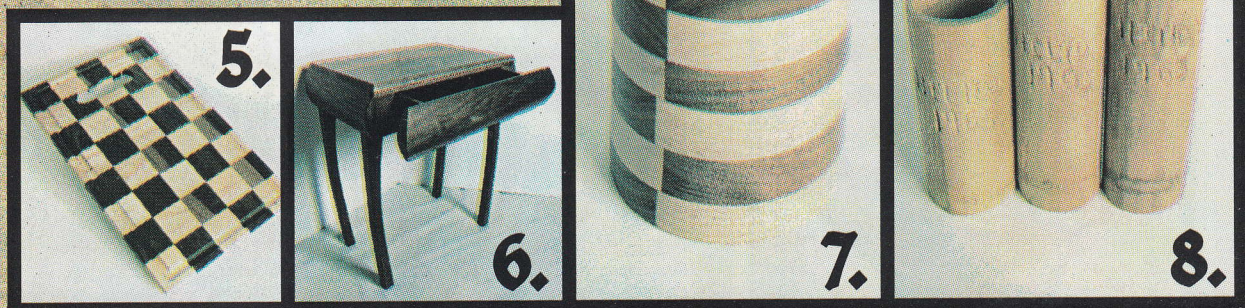


1. Kayla Rudess 2. Caitlin Covello 3. (from left) Annie Hilton, Thalia Clark 4. Simone Reisman
5. Ben Jackson - "Tea Man" 6. Max Retik - "God's Therapist" 7. Jake Baron & Sam Blitt -
"The Romantic Failures of Jake Baron"

eaving



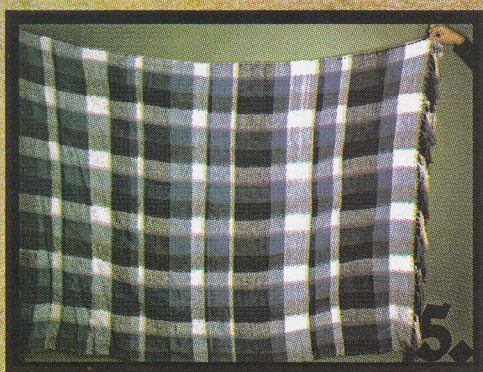
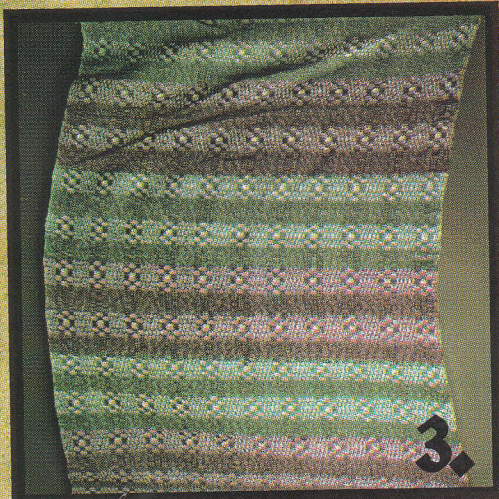
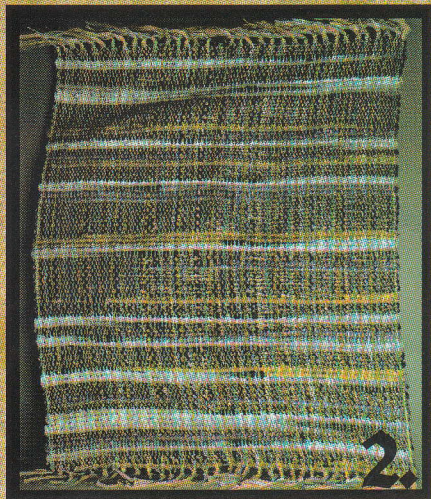
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1. Yael Bloom 2. Mabel Gantos 3. Maya Singer 4. Mira Simon 5. Elena Rizzo 6. Max Markovitz
7. Mika Glogowski 8. Collins Hilton



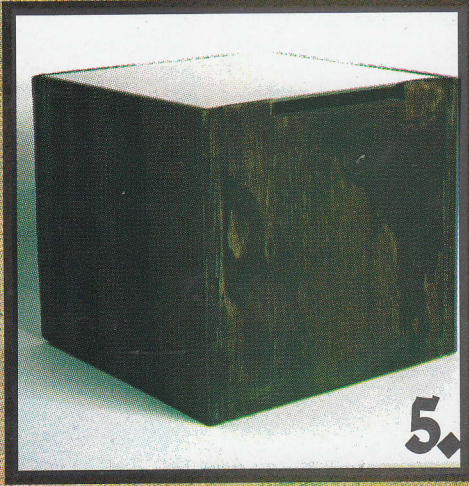
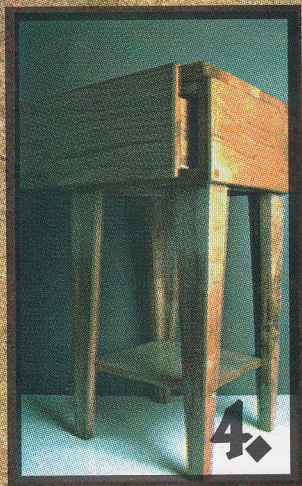
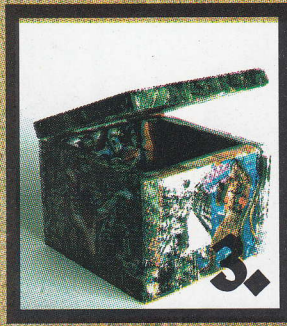
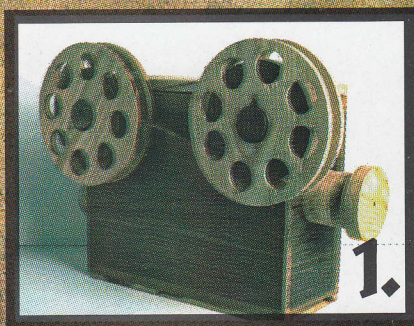
weaving



1. Melissa Joskow 2. Grace Tenhula 3. Tess Donovan 4. Max Fernandez 5. Danielle Levin
6. Montana Timpson 7. Lilith Shapiro, Valerie Kass, Sophia Eller 8. Ellen Cooper, Joe Polsky



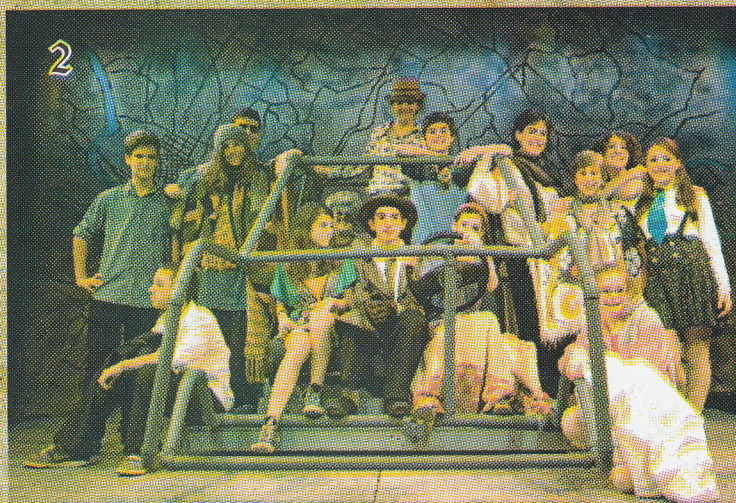
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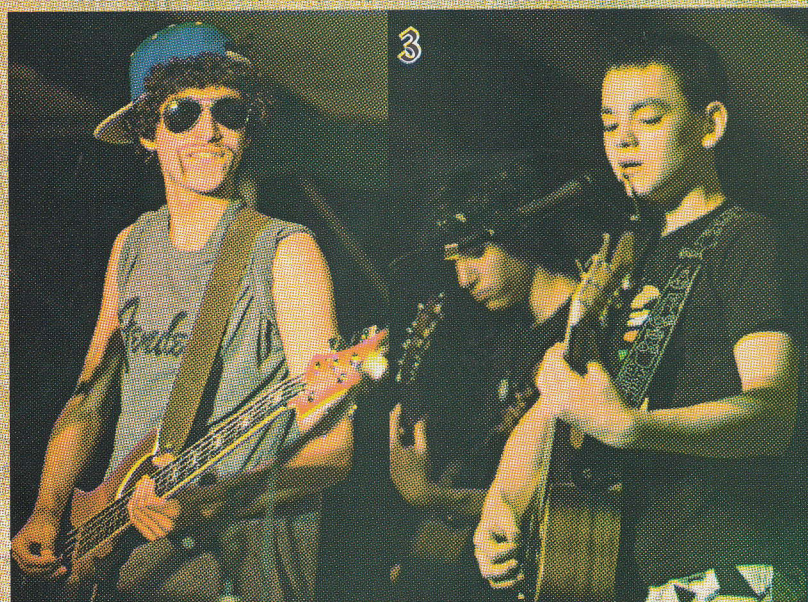
1. Julian Perricone 2. Kathryn Krumholz 3. Melkorka Ingibjargardottir 4. Ellis Laifer 5. Max Helburn
6. Matt Steinberg 7. Cosmo Brossy 8. Zachary Everett 9. Julian Perricone



1



2



3

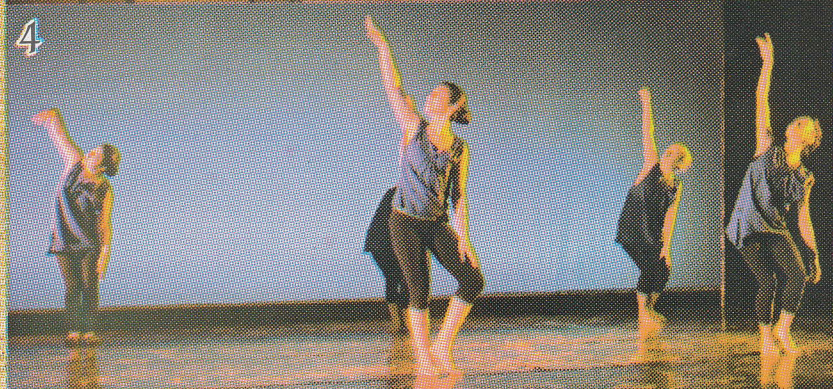
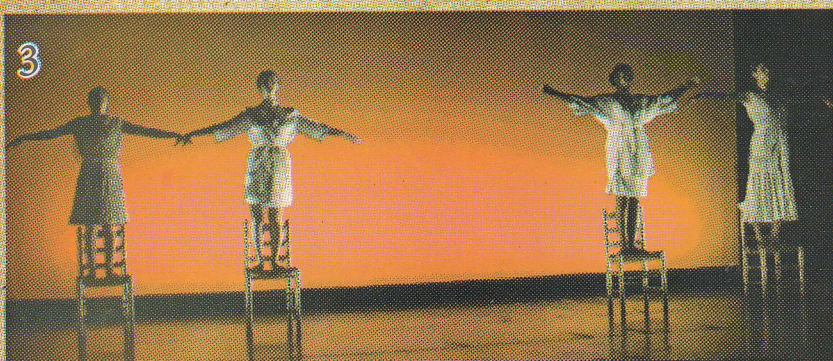
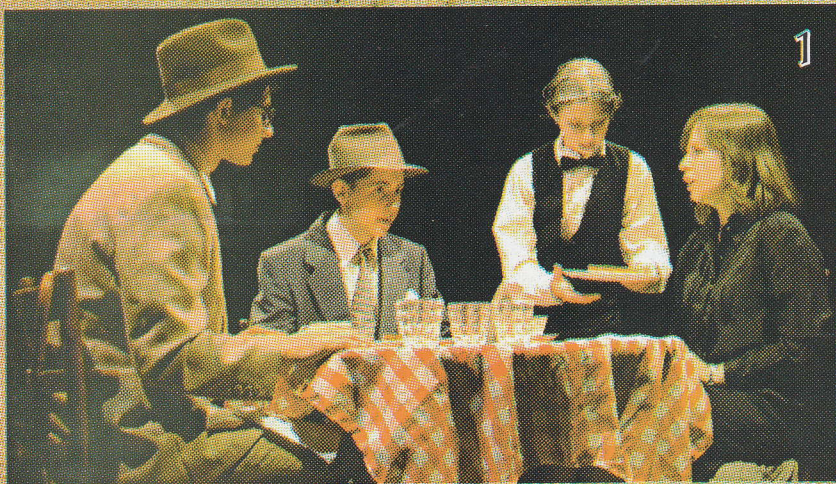


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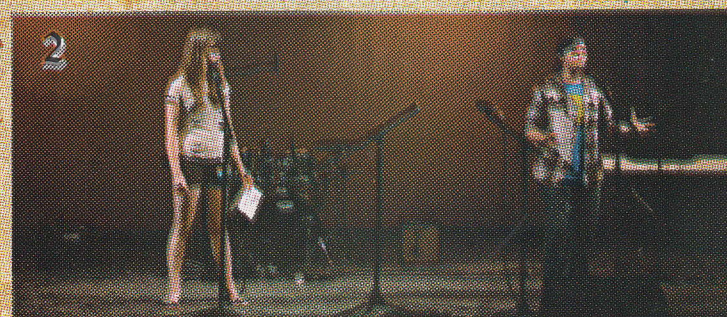
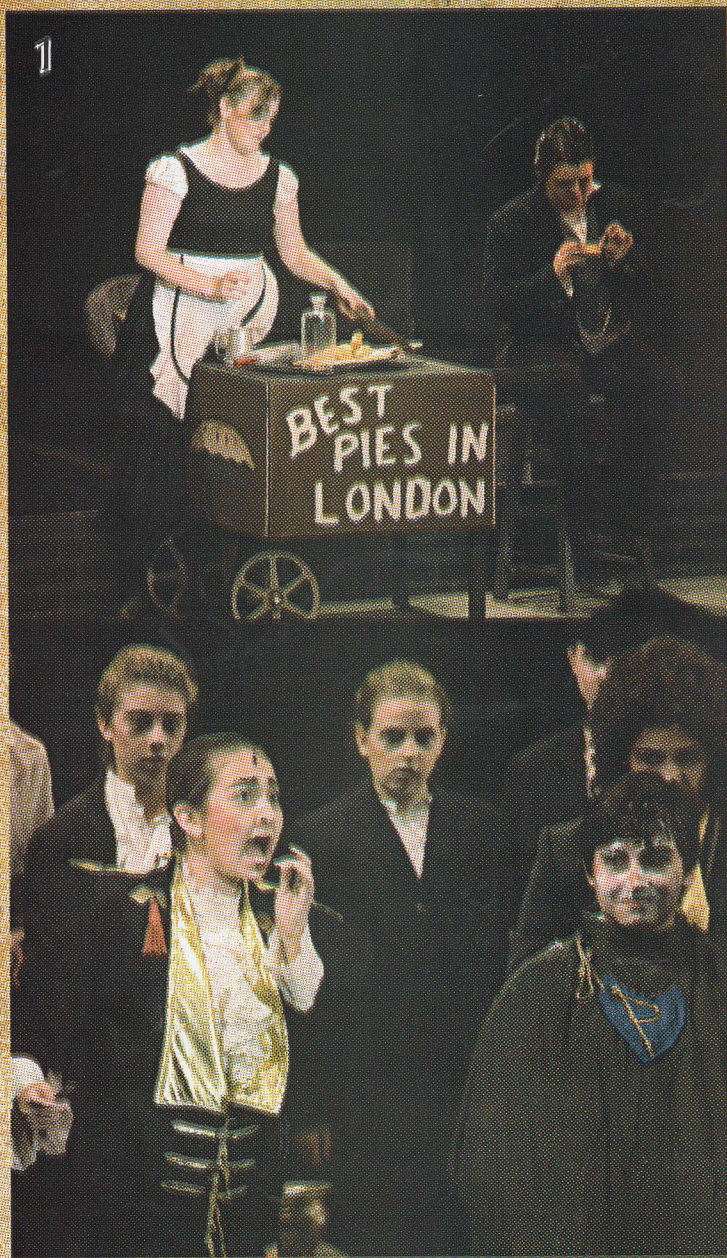
5

1. Jacob Maren in Talent Night I
2. The cast of *Marcus is Walking*
3. Anthony Dean and Ari Klau in Rock Cafe I
4. Scene from *House of Bernada Alba*
5. WAC in the first Mushed Concert

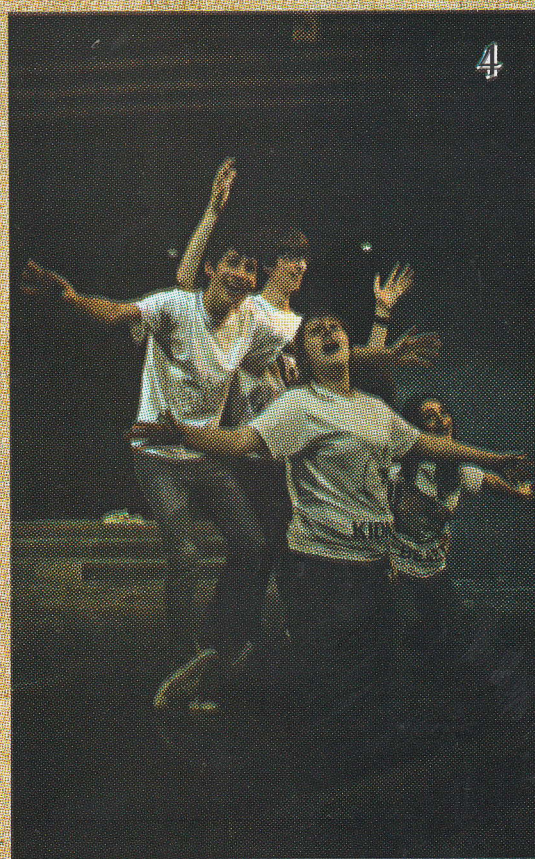
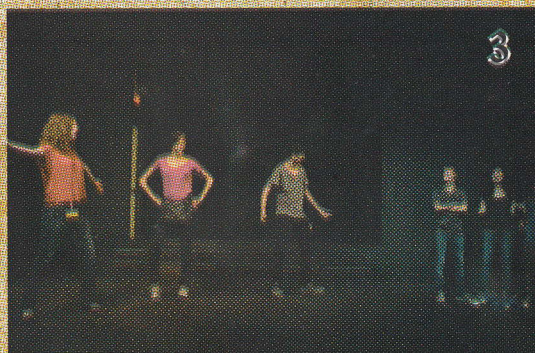


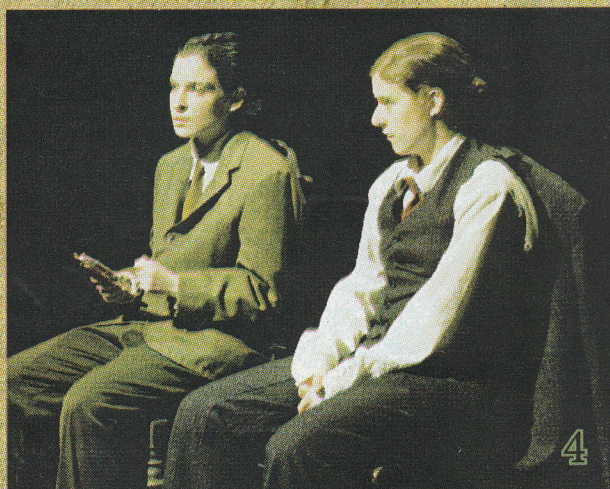
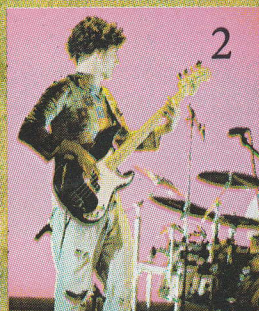
1. A scene from *His Girl Friday*
2. Joshua Horowitz in *Much Ado About Nothing*
3. "The Lisbon Girls" in Dance Concert I
4. "Sweet Disposition" in Dance Concert I
5. Guitar Snack performing in the first Mushed Concert



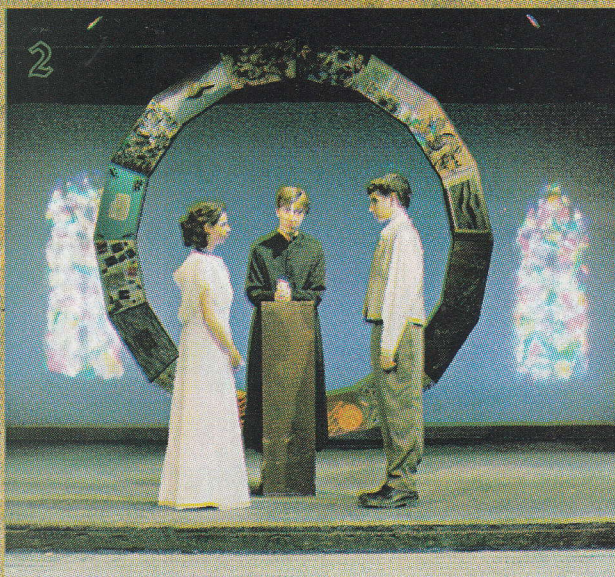


1. Scenes from *Sweeney Todd*
2. The Hilton sisters in Talent Night I
3. "Ultimate Fanny Pack" in the first Clown Show
4. The CITs of Clown in the first Clown Show





1. MAC performing "I Feel Like I'm Fixed To Die Rag" at Tribute Show 2. Rob Borchert playing bass in "More and More" 3. The closing act of the Tribute Show, "With A Little Help From My Friends" 4. Sophia Eller & Zoe Snow in *The Real Inspector Hound* 5. Kiana Johnson in *Neighborhood 3* 6. The cast of *Our Town*



1. A scene from *Ablaze*
2. (from left) Isabel Furman, Jake Baron & Joe Polsky in *Our Town*
3. (from left) Laura Miller, Gabrielle Brown & Zoe Huber-Weiss from the CIT show, *Miss Reardon Drinks a Little*
4. Timothy Kaplowitz in *Neighborhood 3*
5. Zeke Hodkin & Tom Tenhula hosting Talent Night II



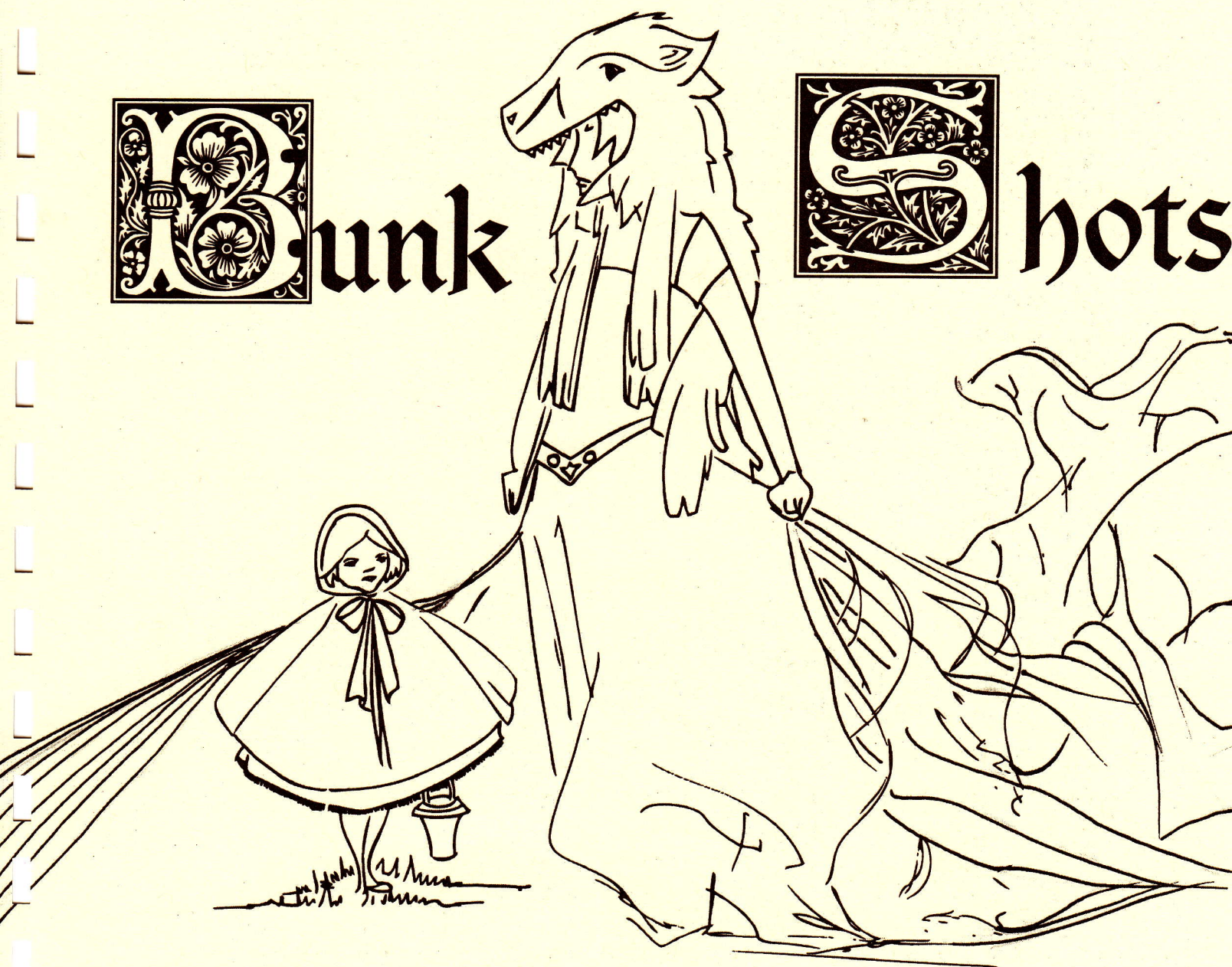
1. The Rhumba in Dance II 2. Clown CITs in the second Clown Show 3. Emily Alworth, Jake Blauner, & Ben Jackson in "Truth or Dare" in Clown Show II 4. John Carter & Julian Ventura in "John & Julian" in Clown Show II 5. The performers of the second Dance Show doing their final bows



Bunk



hots





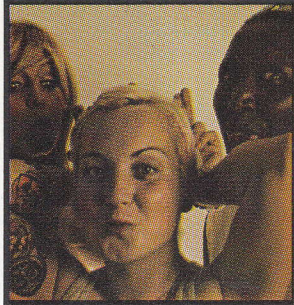
eter Piper
had to take his bunk shot.
His friends all said they thought they'd rather not.
Peter said that it would hurt the yearbook staff a whole lot.
So Peter Piper went to take his bunk shot.
Then Peter Piper must have lost his bunk shot
because Peter's shot was lost inside a cot
Where's the bunk shot Peter Piper took?
Then
Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers.
A peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked.
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers
Where's the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?

Janna Adelstein

Staff



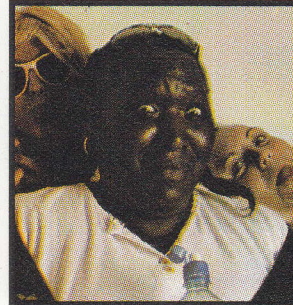
Adele Gardyne
Animal Farm



Emily Batkin
Batik



Jennifer Catterson
Batik



Marie Sylvester
Batik



Sarah Hilton
Book Arts



Samantha Setterlin
Book Arts



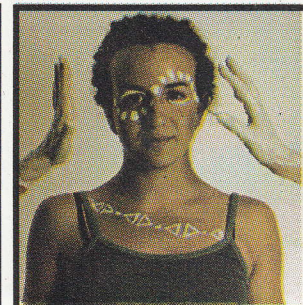
Rachel Schragis
BREAD coordinator



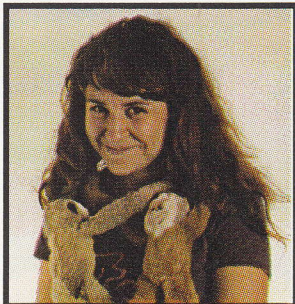
Hannah Cohen
Ceramics



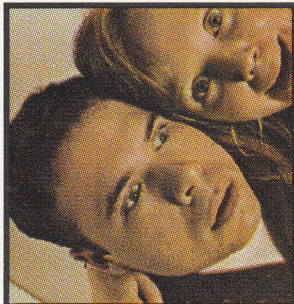
Sarah Duyer
Ceramics



Nicole Singer
Ceramics/Archery



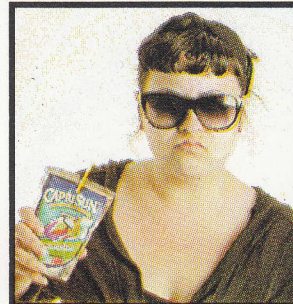
Sara Glaberson
CIT Guidance



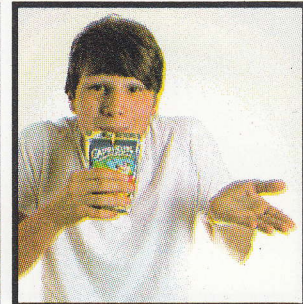
Scott Kraitman
CIT Guidance/Sports



P. J. Grisar
Clown



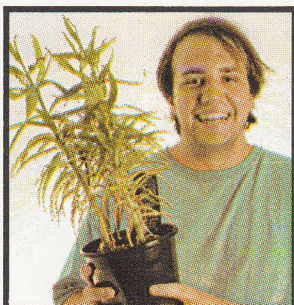
Bri Pruett
Clown



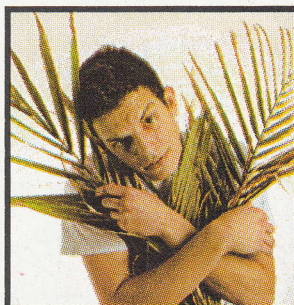
James Thurm
Clown



Robin Lloyd-Miller
Computer



Jackson Singer
Computer



Sam Fader
Computer/Sports



Donna Allen
Costume



Lydie Horgan
Costume



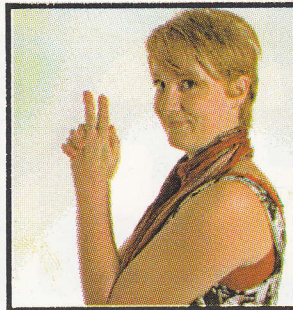
Laura Mylott Manning
Costume



Charity Sellers
Costume



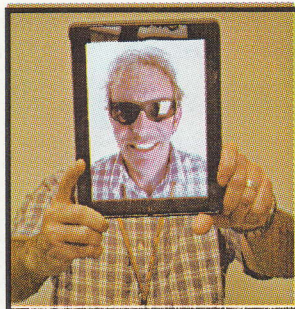
Helen Clarke
Culinary Arts



Sonya Kuropatwa
Dance



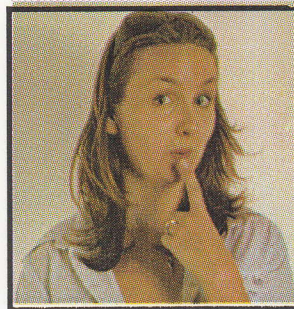
Hayley Sunshine
Dance



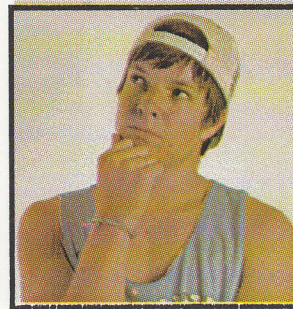
Mickey Morris
Director



Laura Morris
Director



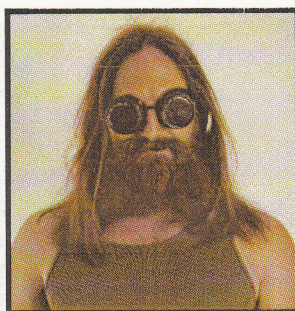
Kristin Hayes
Driver



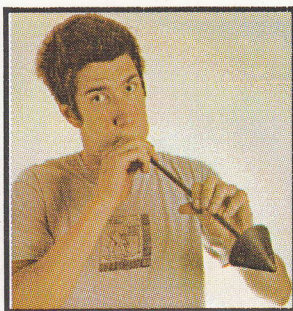
Cam Nadler
Eve Act/Canteen



Chris Truini
Eve Act/Canteen/Manny



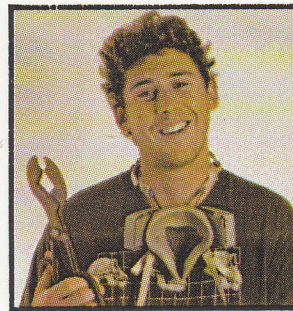
Stu Davies
Fleen



Logan Brooks
Glass



Chadd Lacy
Glass



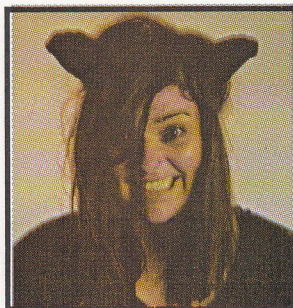
Cary Slone
Glass



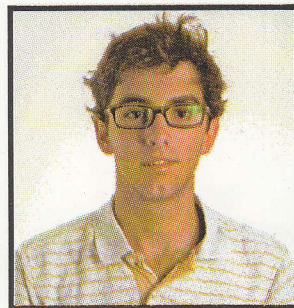
Emma Stein
Glass



Maia Stern
Glass



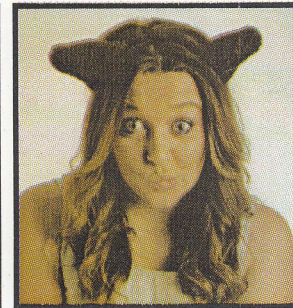
Hannah Allen
Guidance



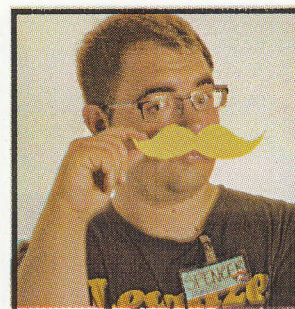
Matthieu Callies
Guidance



Charles Cohen
Guidance



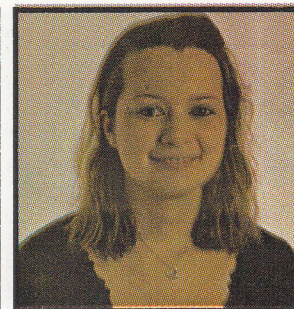
Heidi D'Elboux
Guidance



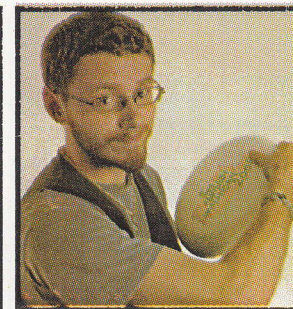
Spencer Duncan
Guidance



Maria Gordon
Guidance



Blathnaid Kiely
Guidance



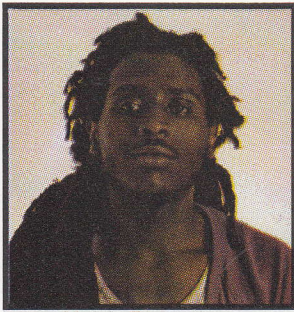
Alex Krogh-Grabbe
Guidance



Lu Lyons
Guidance



Emily O'Leary
Guidance



Melvin Richardson
Guidance



Kelsie Smagler
Guidance



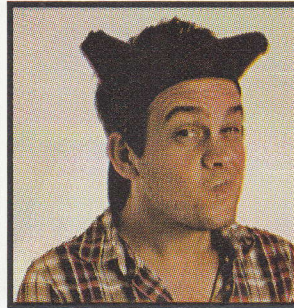
Deanna Soldano
Guidance



Mimi Stotsky
Guidance



Zara Thompson
Guidance



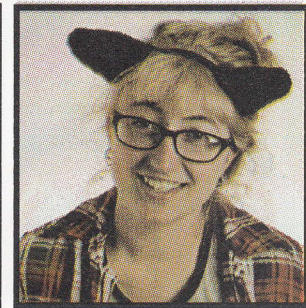
Benji Zuccolotto
Guidance



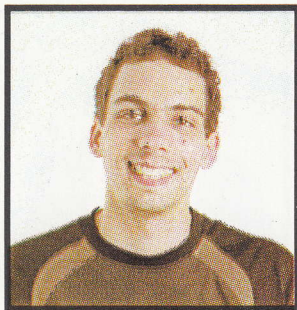
Alicia Sanabria
Guidance/Choreographer



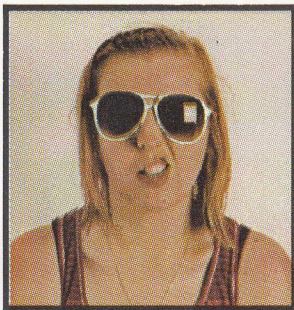
Ana MeiLi Carling
Guidance/Dance



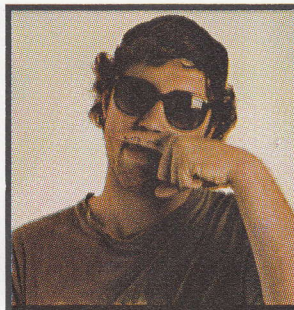
Molly Hulnick
Guidance/Leather



Ants Marsh
Guidance/Martial Arts



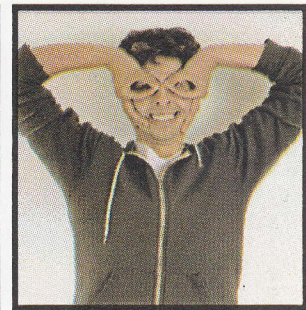
Eilidh Firth
Guidance/Music



Bryant Galligan
Guidance/Music



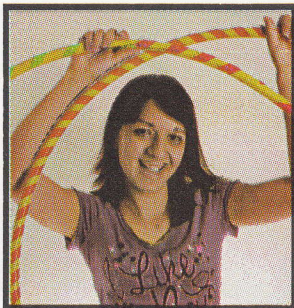
Kathryn Maurant
Guidance/Music



David Wiley
Guidance/Music



Alyssa Wirkus
Guidance/Music



Jessica Arce
Housekeeping



Maria Diaz
Housekeeping



Marbella Garcia Santillan
Housekeeping



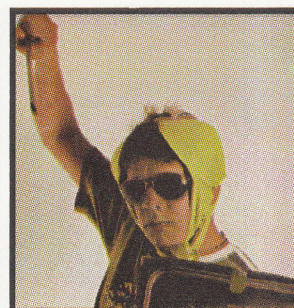
Angie Modera
Housekeeping



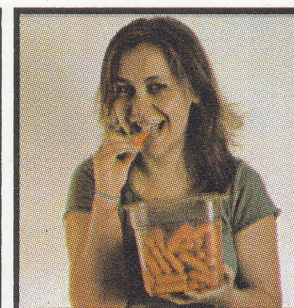
Deb Haas
Infirmary



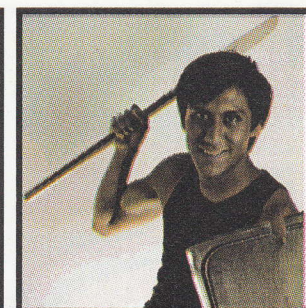
Teena Watson
Infirmary



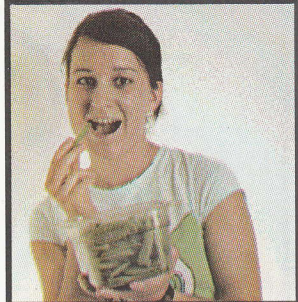
Rafael Alvarez
Kitchen



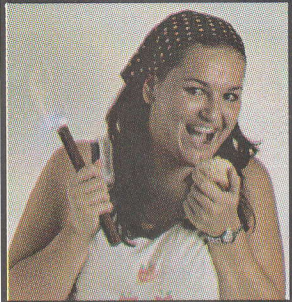
Katarzyna Celinska
Kitchen



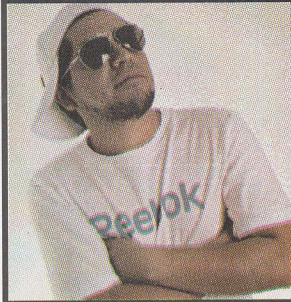
Juan Diaz
Kitchen



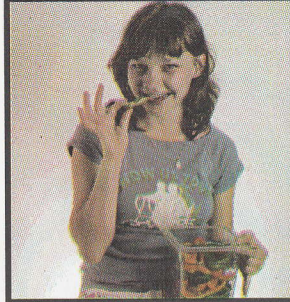
Hana Gelnarova
Kitchen



Veronika Hrusticova
Kitchen



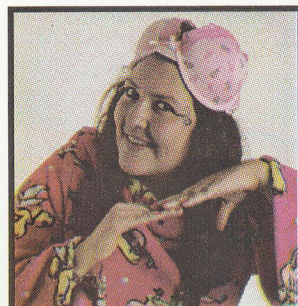
David Jimenez Ramirez
Kitchen



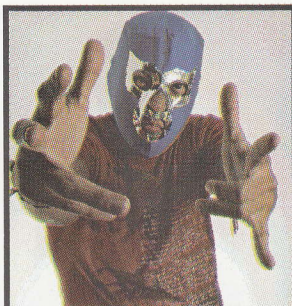
Betty Kubalska
Kitchen



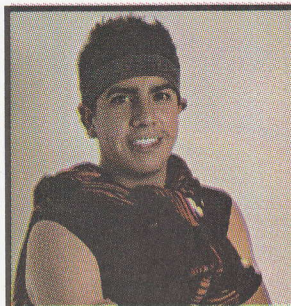
Lorena Montiel
Kitchen



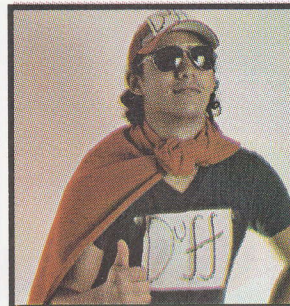
Argelia Palacios Garcia
Kitchen



Juan Carlos Ramirez-Avina
Kitchen



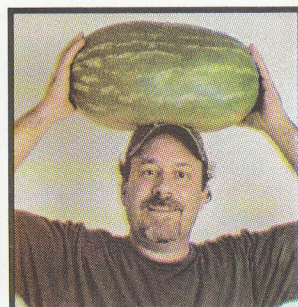
Rafael Rodriguez
Kitchen



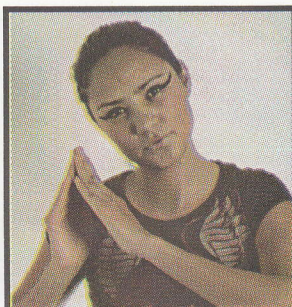
Cesar Rosales
Kitchen



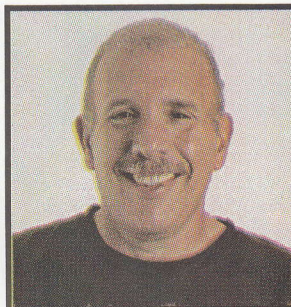
Sandra Ruiz
Kitchen



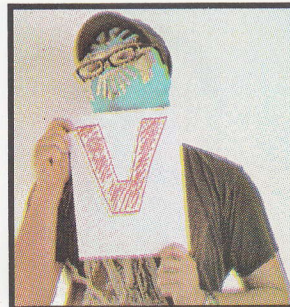
Tim Smeriglio
Kitchen



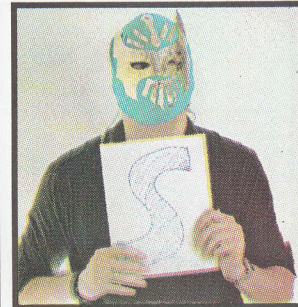
Viridiana Trujillo Arreola
Kitchen



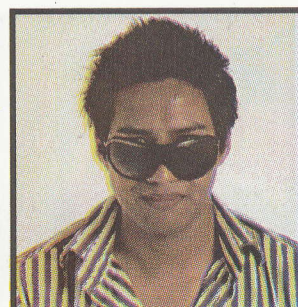
Ben Yomtov
Kitchen



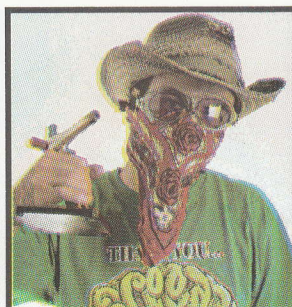
Jose Cajigal
Kitchen



Kuba Kruk
Kitchen



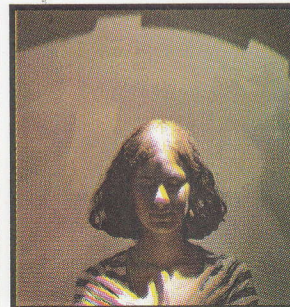
Sergio Zavaleta
Kitchen



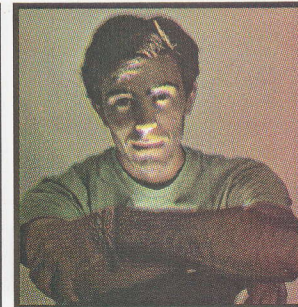
Dusty Smith
Lampworking



Kate Fraher
Leather



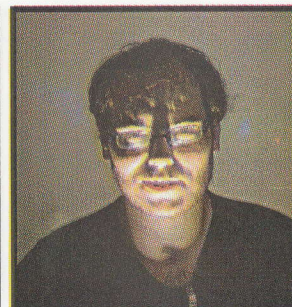
Ro-z Edleston
LSD - Lighting



Alex Francisci
LSD - Lighting



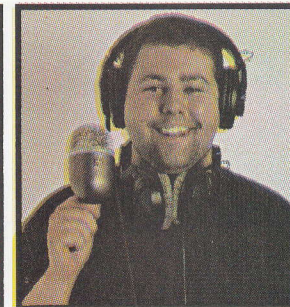
Jeff Greenberg
LSD - Lighting



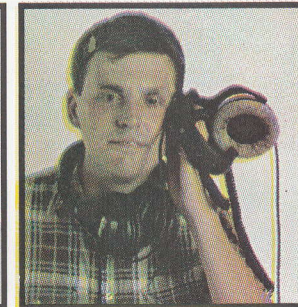
Aaron Quick
LSD - Lighting



Jacob Levitin
LSD - Sound



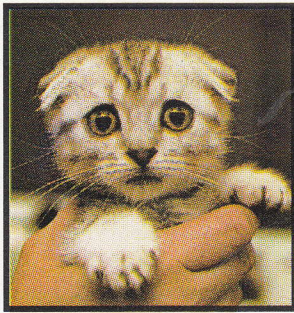
Paul Perry
LSD - Sound



Stephen Swift
LSD - Sound



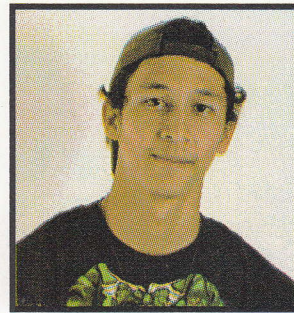
Boogie Bugaj
Maintenance



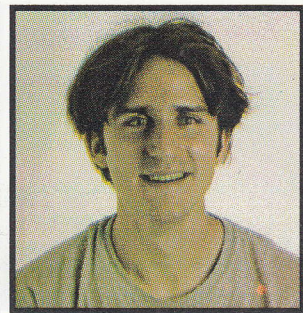
Forrest Canepari
Maintenance



Rigo Diaz
Maintenance



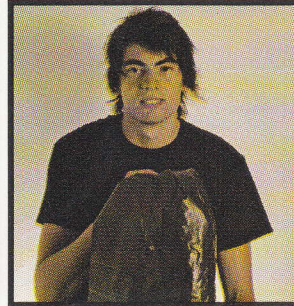
Hector Diaz
Maintenance



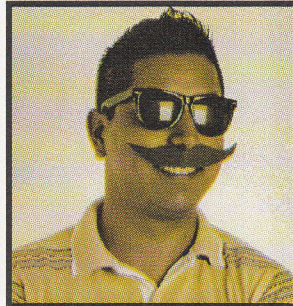
Stepan Koza
Maintenance



Andrew Marathas
Maintenance



Lukas Petras
Maintenance



Sebastian Ramirez
Maintenance



Andrej Socha
Maintenance



Sam Wilson
Maintenance



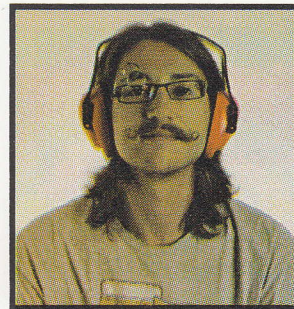
Adrienne Di Salvo
Metals



Thoa Nguyen
Metals



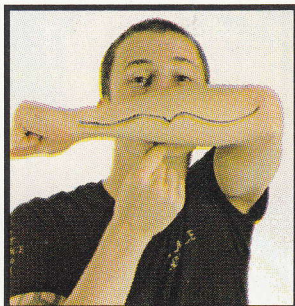
Natalia Rodriguez
Metals



Patrick Shureb
Metals



Molly Aleza Vogel
Metals



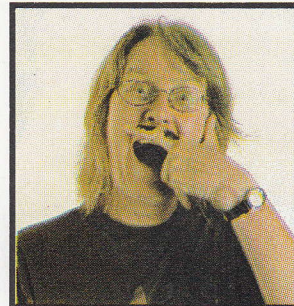
Rob Borchert
Music



Sarah Dupuis
Music



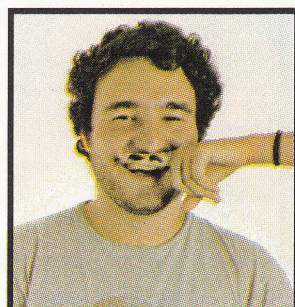
Cindy Gooden
Music



Helene Ilste
Music



Ellen Kempner
Music



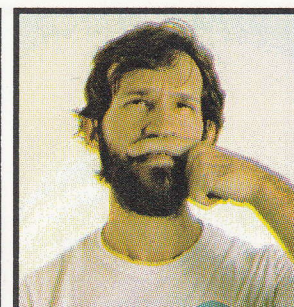
Ben Silverman
Music



Greg Smith
Music



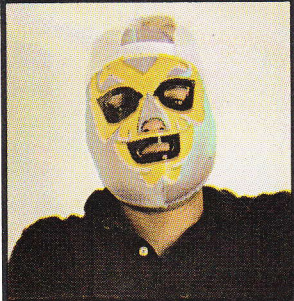
Jaxon Vesely
Music



Chuck Wilson
Music



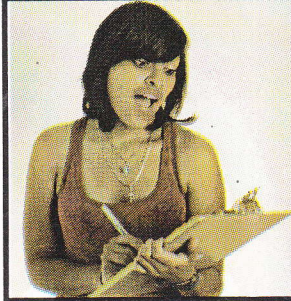
Liesel Anderson
Nanny



Jose Carlos Sanchez
Nightwatchman



Kayla Brown
Office



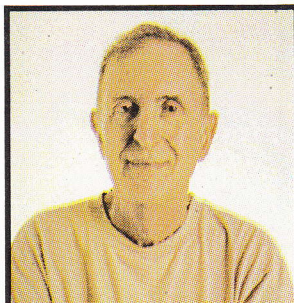
Laura Canton
Office



Rita Pudell
Office



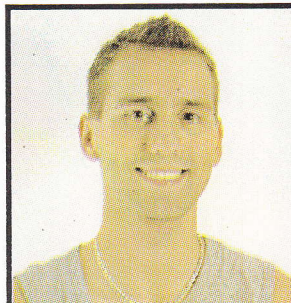
Harriet Yomtov
Office



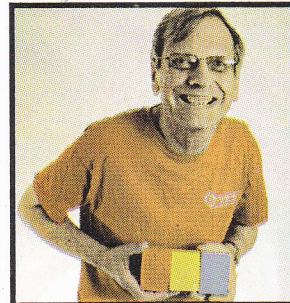
Don Pudell
Office/Accountant



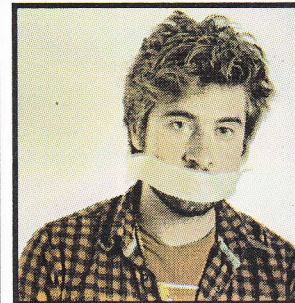
Bev Canepari
Office/Camp Admin



Paul Kepa
Office/Dance



Chris Forby
Painting



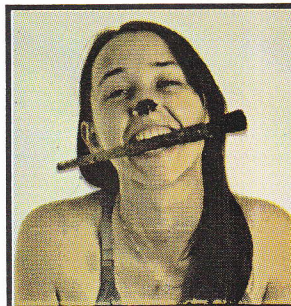
Aydin Hamami
Painting



Julia Ribeiro
Painting



Leah Varjacques
Painting



Kate Garbar
Painting/Animal Farm



Shawn Jimenez
PASS



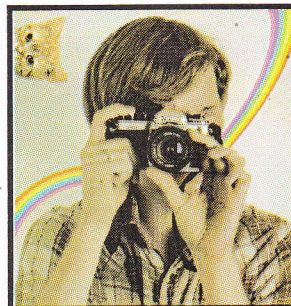
Tory Keith
PASS



Lindsay Warnes
PASS



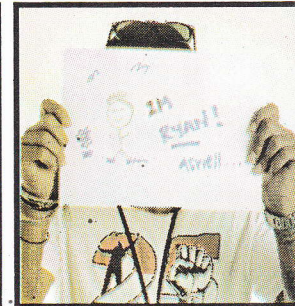
Jolene Guth
Photo



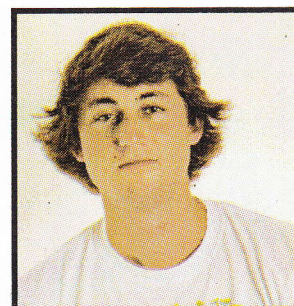
Chris Luessen
Photo



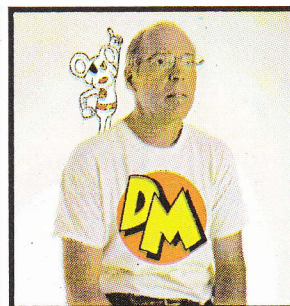
Luka Brady
Pool/Animal Farm



Ryan Jacobs
Pool/Fencing



Anton Dodds
Pool/Tennis



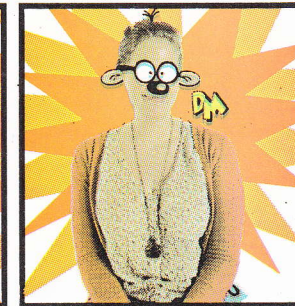
Bob Dicke
Pub



Ian Jackson
Pub



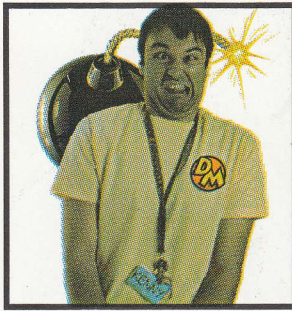
Adam Katz
Pub



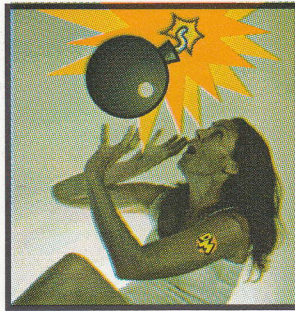
Emu McClean
Pub



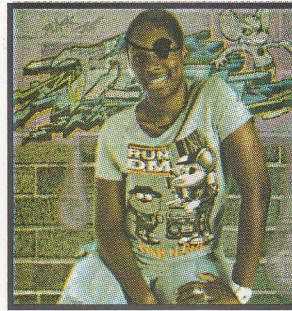
Jen Morse
Pub



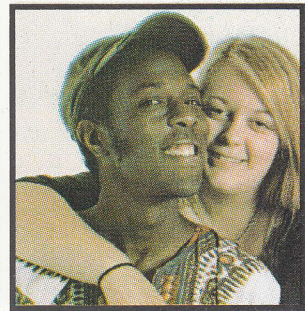
Kenny Murphy
Pub



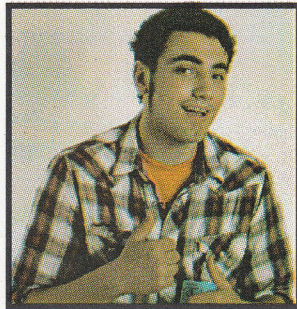
Emma o'Pub
Pub



Lesley Steele
Pub



Roger Bailey
Radio



Rene Macioce
Radio



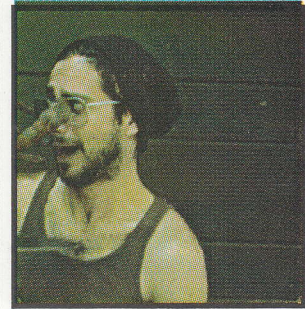
Chelsea Bouffard
Sculpture



Michelle Fernandez
Sculpture



Camille Merritt
Sculpture



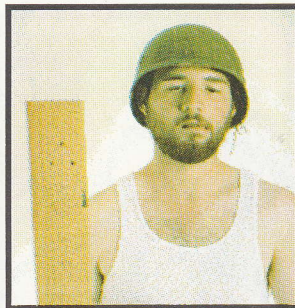
Brian Yudin
Sculpture



Serge Lobatch
Set Design



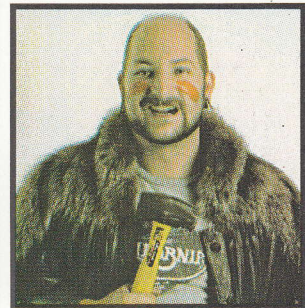
Leanna Scotten
Set Design



Stephen Thompson
Set Design



Adam Wyrton
Set Design



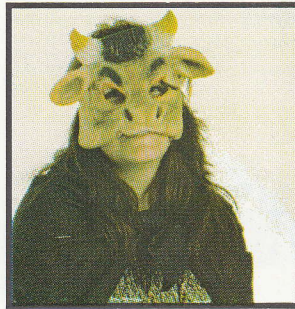
Joshua Whitt
Set Technical Director



Emily Bellinger
Sewing



Pam Dicke
Sewing



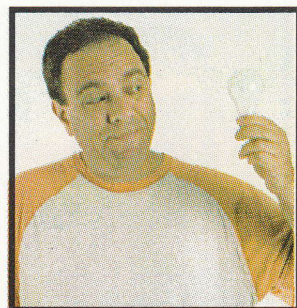
Zoe Dolan
Sewing



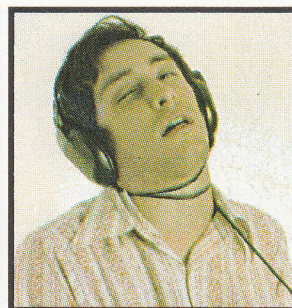
Marquita Flowers
Sewing



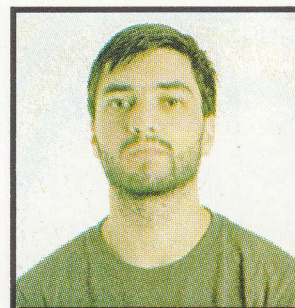
Jade Sanders
Sewing



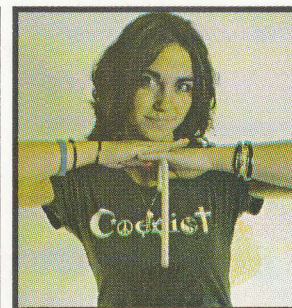
Rob Kuropatwa
Staff Coordinator



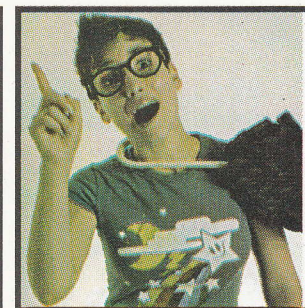
Brian Flynn
Studio 59



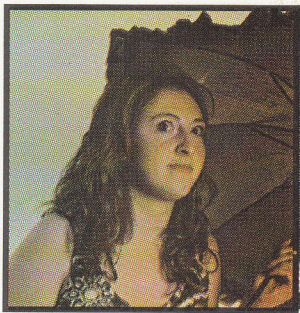
Doug Rosenberg
Studio 59



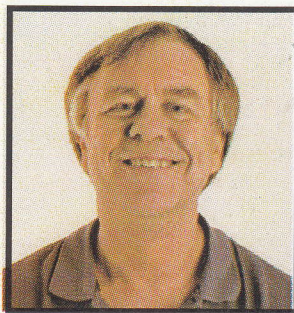
Jessica Albano
Theatre



Tamara Carroll
Theatre



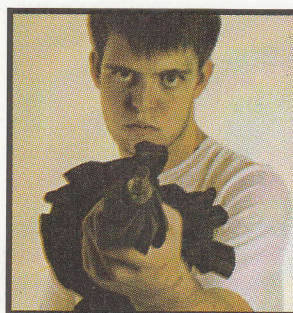
Rachel Fenwick-Smith
Theatre



Ernie Johns
Theatre



Alexis Ortiz
Theatre



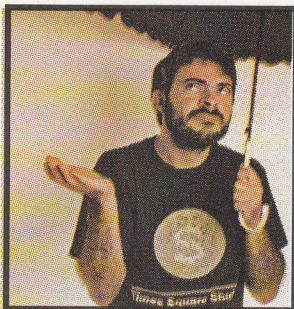
Matt Smith
Theatre



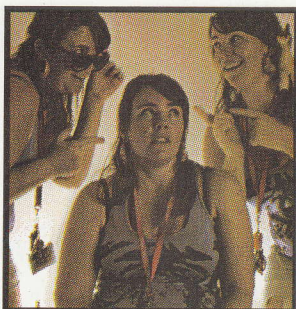
Marla Truini
Theatre



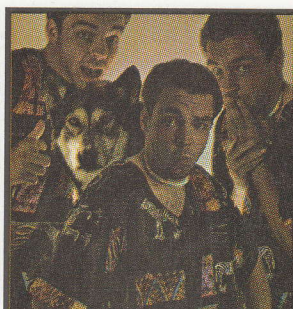
Jason Zimblar
Theatre



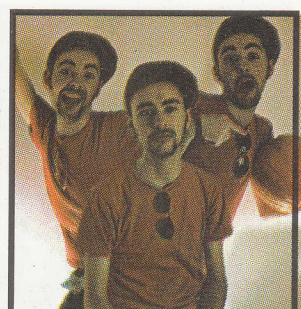
Sam Kusnetz
Theatre Prod. Manager



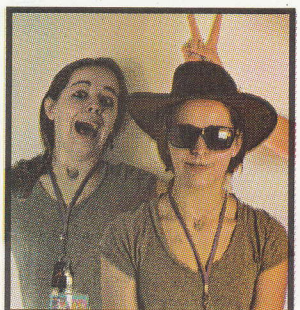
Marion Piper
Video



Andy Shaw
Video



Jake Van Buskirk
Video



Kate Twomey
Video/Pub



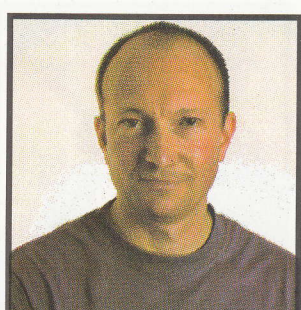
Lois Cunningham
Weaving



Britt Dorfman
Weaving



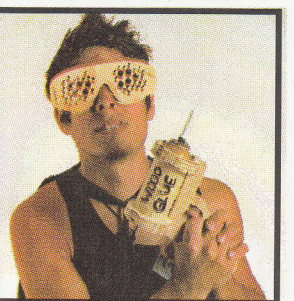
Alex Huber-Weiss
Weaving



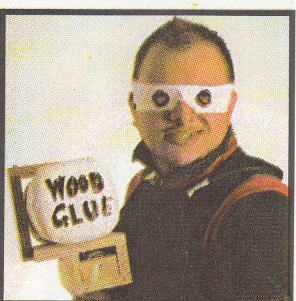
Miguel Almeida
Deca Wood



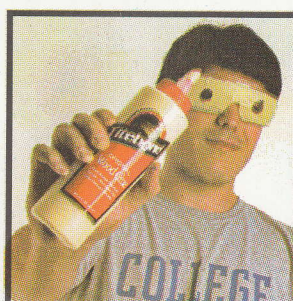
Ash Cartwright
Wood



Michael England
Wood



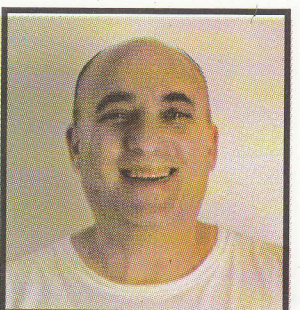
Aaron Jacobsen
Wood



Ben Zukoff
Wood



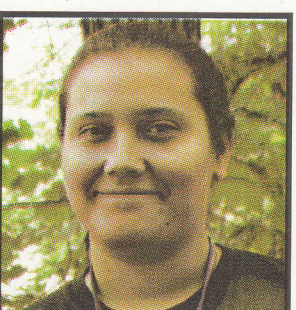
Carson Pinch
CIT Guidance



Steven Kantrowitz
Culinary Arts



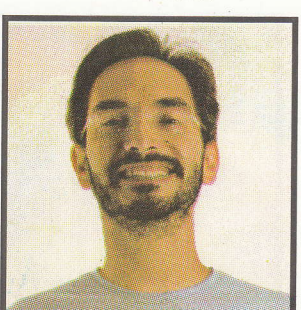
Wendy Small
Infirmary



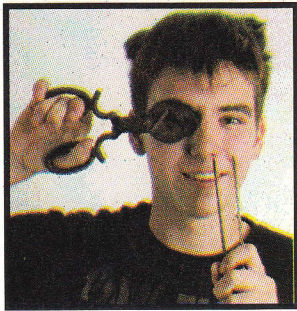
Kate Watson
Infirmary Assistant



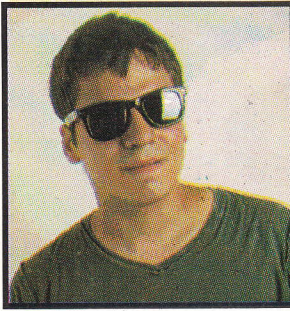
Aaron Rabinowitz
LSD Lighting



Myq Kaplan
Stand Up



Jed Cohen
Glass



Eric Hernandez
Glass



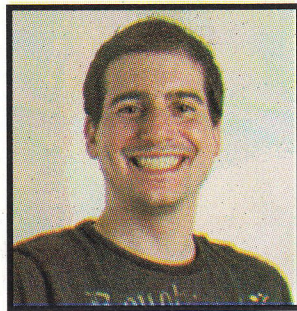
Izzy Atkinson
Junior Guidance



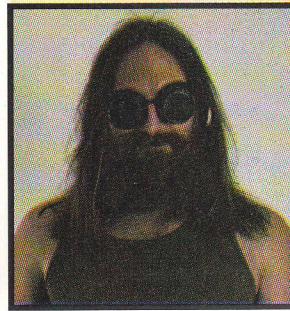
Susannah Hershey
Junior Guidance



Deborah Kantrowitz
Junior Guidance



Kevin Secunda
Junior Guidance



Jon Koppel
Sculpture



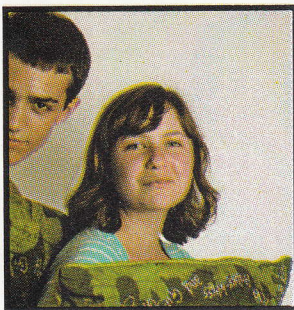
Jeremy Fisher
Wood



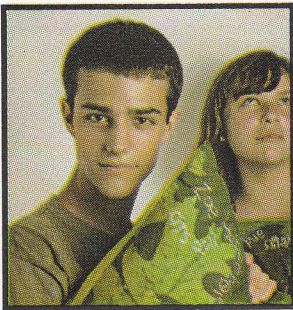
Popo Gigo



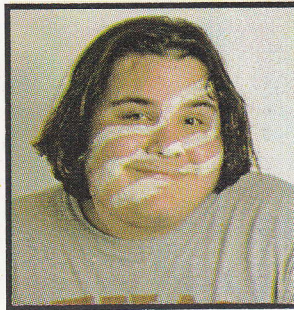
CITS



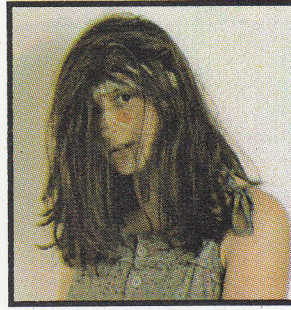
Zoe Huber-Weiss
Batik



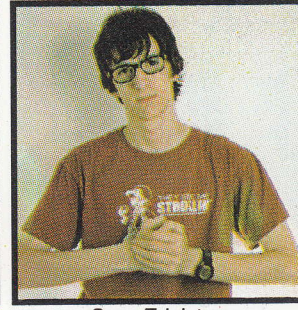
Gibson Oakley
Batik



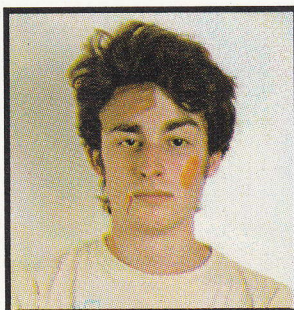
Ariel Drouault
Ceramics



Gabrielle Brown
Clown



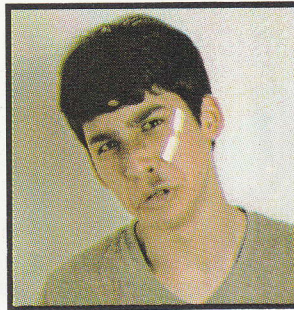
Greg Edelman
Clown



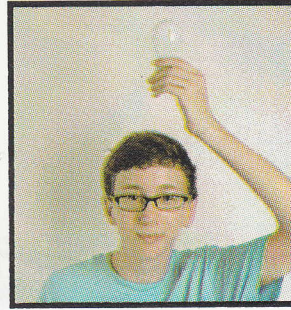
James Koblenzer
Clown



Lucy Randall
Clown



Kenny Shapiro
Clown



Jake Blauner
Computer



Erika Burke
Computer



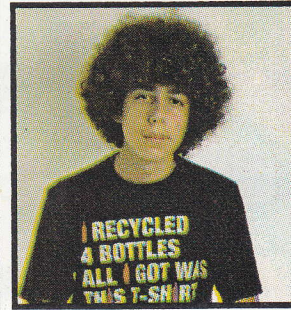
Mira Farkas
Dance



Aquaisha Milligan
Dance



Margot Steinberg
Dance



Mark Bochner
Glass



Miriam Klau
Glass



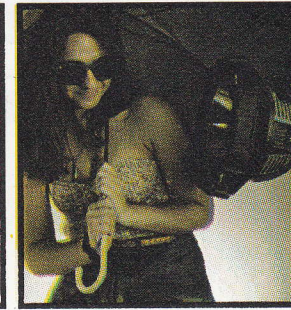
Casey Redpath
Glass



Katie Tapper
Glass



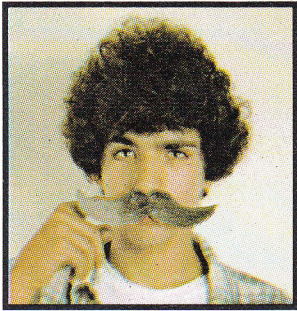
Jena Goldman
LSD



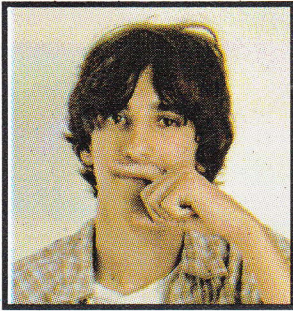
Elizabeth Schweitzer
LSD/Theatre



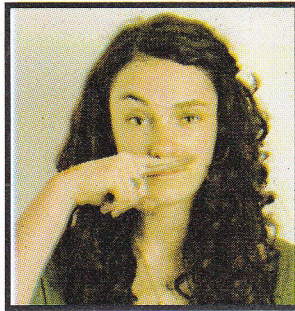
Sydney Alworth
Music



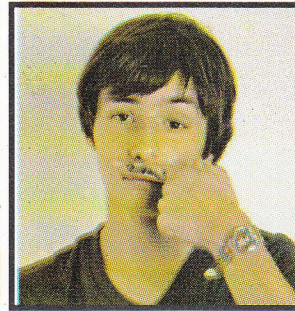
Anthony Dean
Music



Jack Nobel
Music



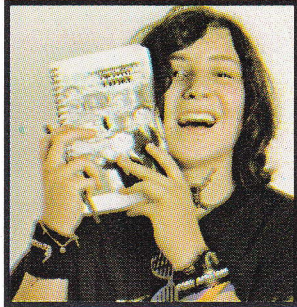
Sara Tolchinsky
Music



Max Ventura
Music



Hallie Voulgaris
Music



Rachael Johnson
Painting



Ross Dener
PASS



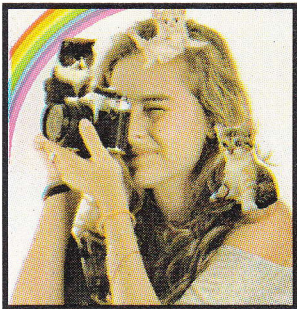
Melkorka Ingibjargardottir
PASS



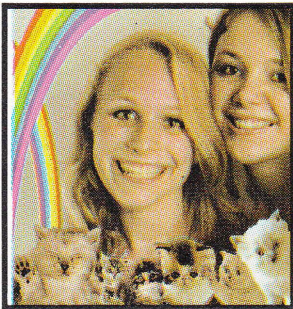
Ali Lee
PASS



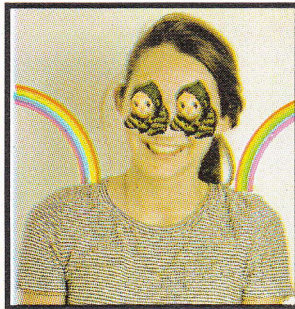
Charlie Panek
PASS



Jan Milne
Photo



Emily Morris
Photo



Caroline Scannell
Photo



Bridget Cavanagh
Pub



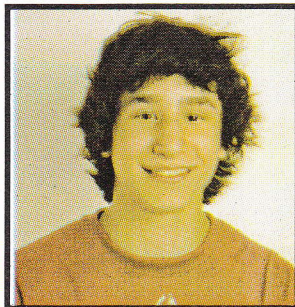
Jessy Katz
Pub



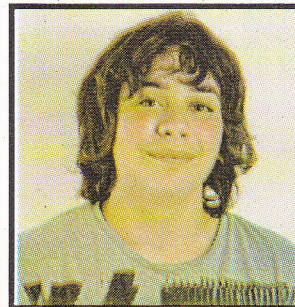
Roberta Miller
Pub



Jessica Afrin
Radio



Jared Brum
Radio



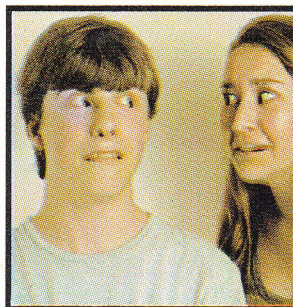
Jake Fein
Sculpture



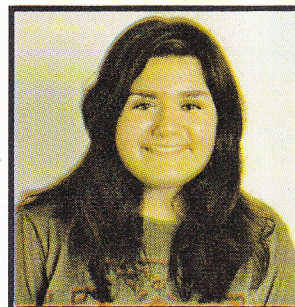
Haley Harckham
Sculpture



Ayo Keys
Sewing



Charlie Van Roden
Sewing



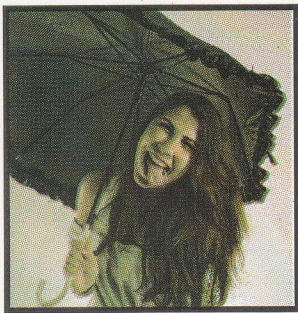
Rebecca Haber
Studio 59



Izzy Baker
Theatre



Jake Baron
Theatre



Lena Cole
Theatre



Sophia Eller
Theatre



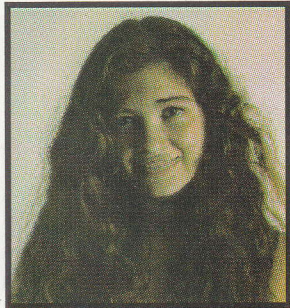
Maddy Emerick
Theatre



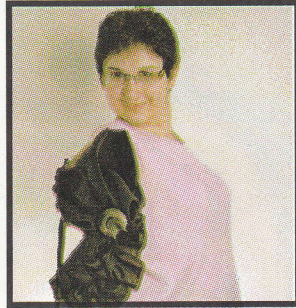
Jess Faust
Theatre



Maria Maclay
Theatre



Laura Miller
Theatre



Shira Pollio
Theatre



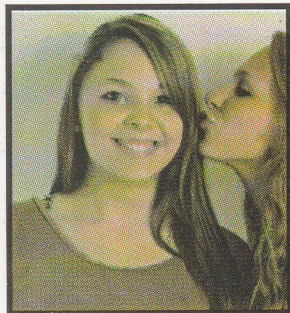
Zoe Snow
Theatre



Anna Ticker
Theatre



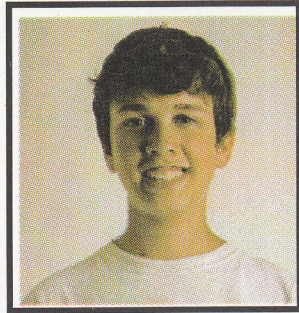
Grace Tenhula
Weaving



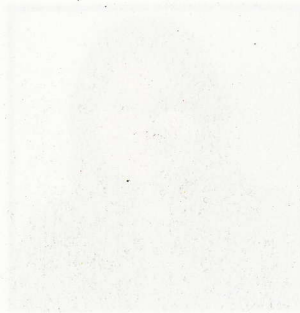
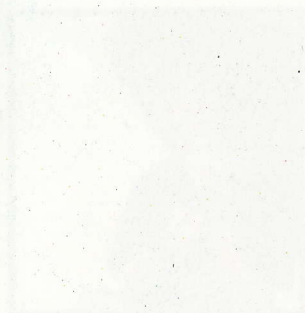
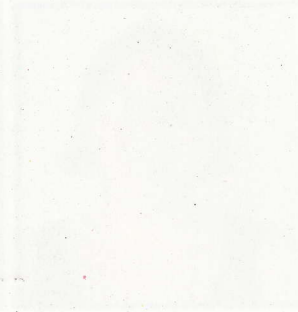
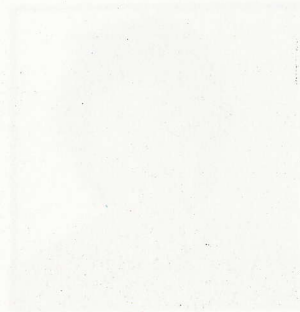
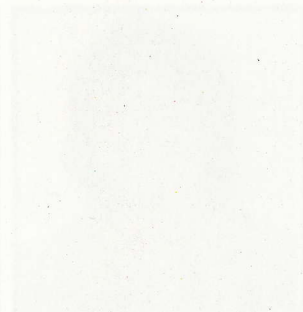
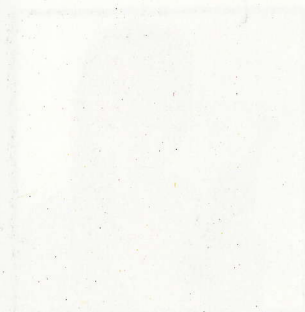
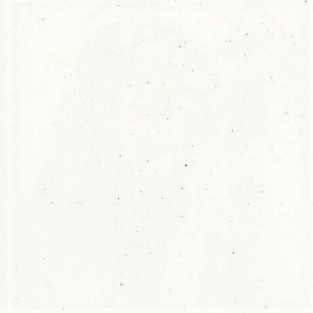
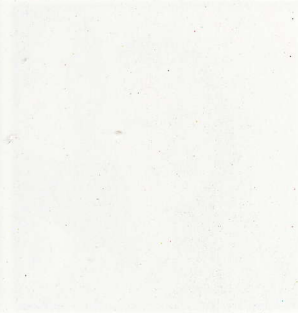
Leah Mass
Wood



Katya Nye
Flameworking



Ace Ehrlich
Glass



First Session

GH



Briana Beller



Tatum Belloli



Mina Cooper



Ava Dennis



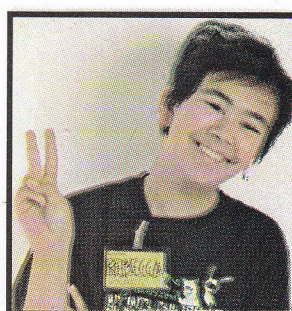
Maxine Devitt



Charlotte Friedman



Hannah Friedman



Rebecca Goldin



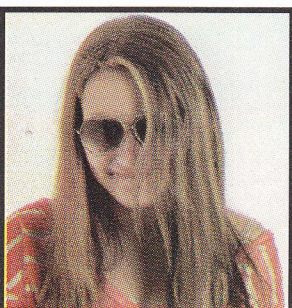
Rach Hodes



Claire Holtz



Kiana Johnson



Gabby Kleinberg



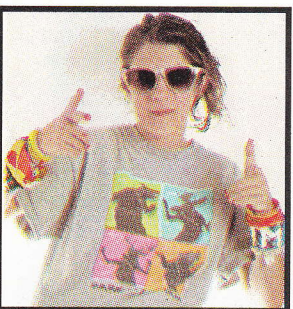
Sophie Knight



Kathryn Krumholz



Zilana Lee



Elena Markovitz



Marielle Markovitz



Sara Miller



Stella Moss-Slavin



Maya Polsky



Julia Rush



Lola Stam



Tess Trobaugh



Zoe Van Den Bol

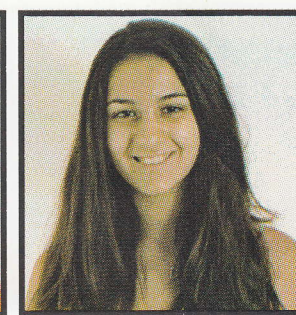
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Maya Adelstein



Yael Bloom



Danielle Farage



Syd Fisch



Rosie Gruber



Kelsey Hank



Rosalie Horton



Valerie Kass



Hannah Kramer



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Kira Leinwand



Danielle Levin



Scarlett Machson



Charlotte Mildenerger



Amy Milin



Zoe Miller



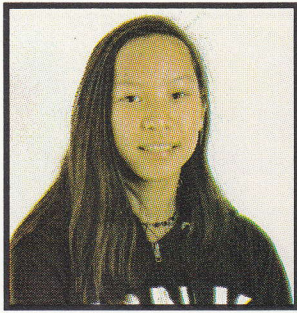
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Malena Ordnung



Nell Pearson



Celly Perlstein



Lilith Shapiro



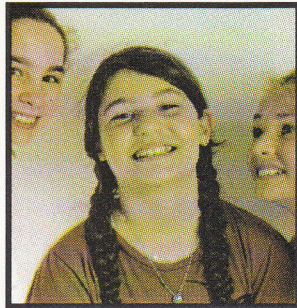
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Sarah Skran



Leah Sperber



Antonia Steinberg



Anna Berman



Liv Binzen



Helena Boyer



Mikaela Dalessio



Jamie Dessen



Kira Felsenfeld



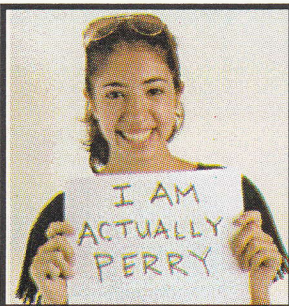
Claire Grummon



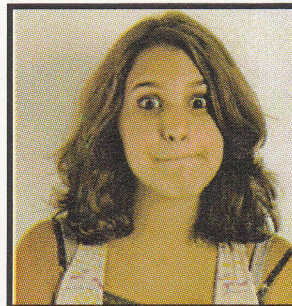
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Maya Holland



Stella Katz



Julia Kempner



Claire Lindsay



Sophie Lipitz



Emily Lipstein



Margaux MacColl



Julia McClain



Lilly Millette



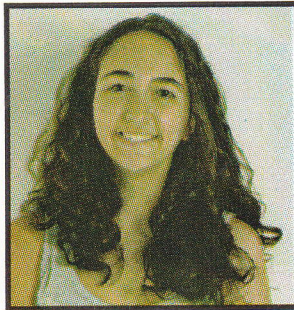
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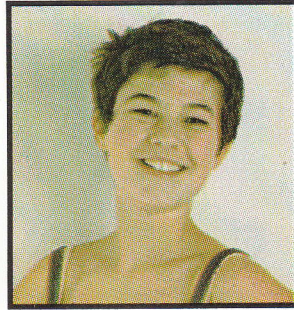
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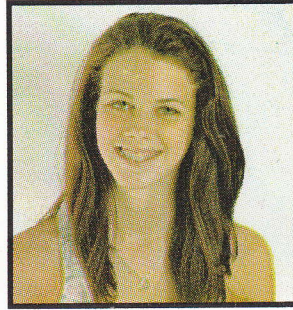
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Izzie Rivera



Sylvie Robinson



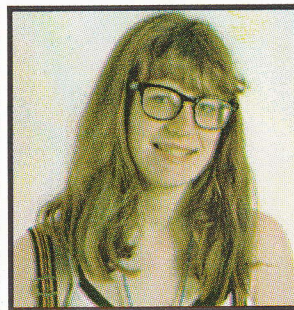
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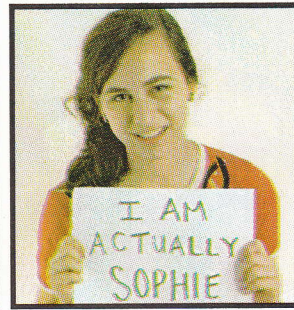
A.J. Seiden



Ani Steinmetz



Kyra Taub



Perry Weber

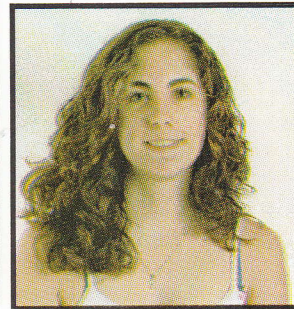
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Janna Adelstein



Michaela Bootz



Erica Breault



Mariah Bush



Caela Camazine



Alice Cavanagh



Maddy Cohen



Ellen Cooper



Piper De Palma



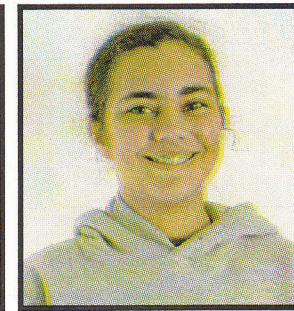
Isabel Furman



Mabel Gantos



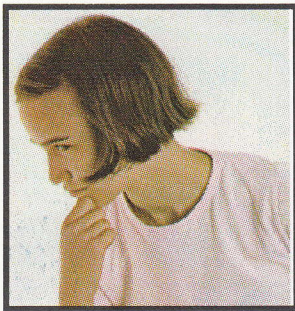
Luu Li Haas



Agatha Hillel



Jenny Horn



Kimmy Hunt



Zoe Klein



Adriana Nanda



Simone Reisman



Gwen Richardson



Kara Schechtman



Maya Singer



Claire Tenhula



Montana Timpson



Hannah Trobaugh



Hannah Deilenson



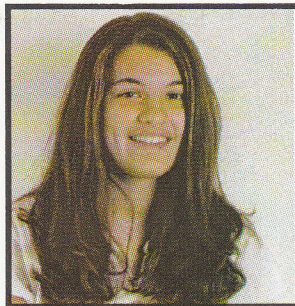
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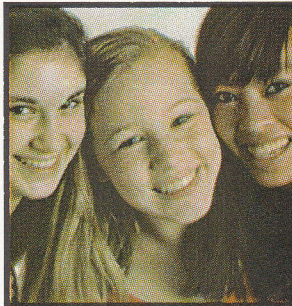
Tess Donovan



Julie Edelston



Caroline Feehan



Victoria Garner



Calla Gault



Melissa Juskow



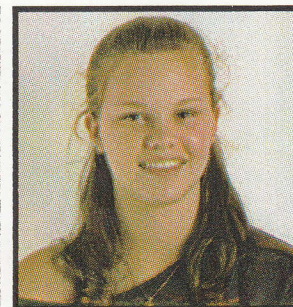
Rachel Katz



Maya Lockman-Fine



Allie Miller



Laurie Morrison



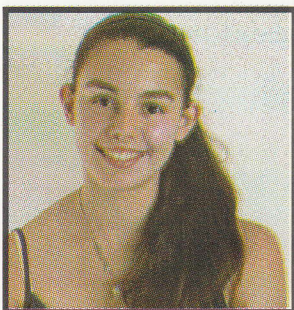
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Bryn Pennetti



Anjali Raghunathan



Izzy Rivero



Lyris Schulman



Julie Simon-Fox



Katie Soter

GT2



Thea Flurry



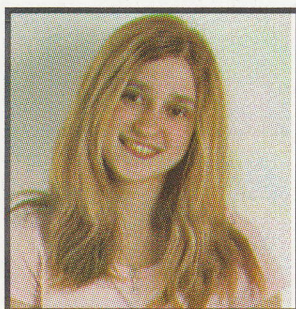
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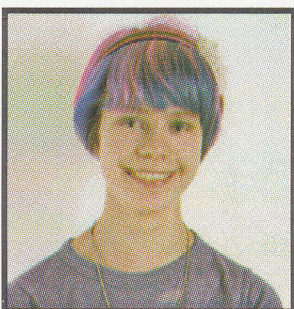
Collins Hilton



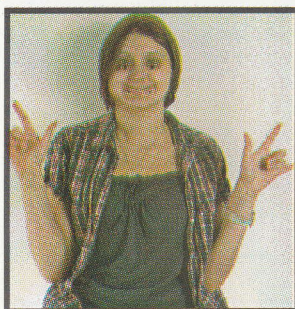
Rachel Kaplan



Shannon Kelly



Ashley Lilien



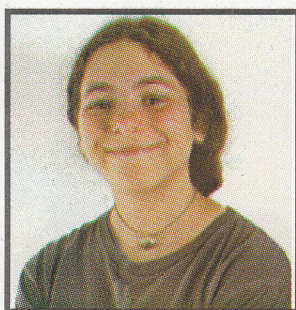
Rowan Maccoll



Sophie Millette



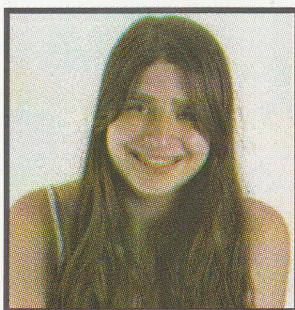
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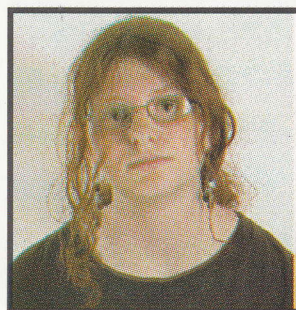
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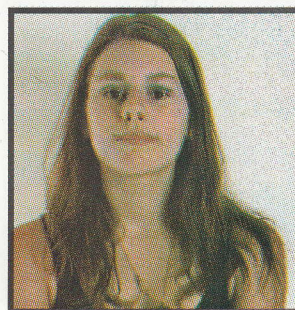
Elena Rizzo



Veronica Sadler

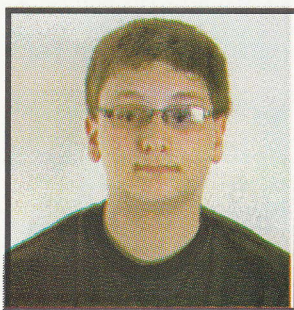


Shaina Sherman-Daniels



Athena Washburn

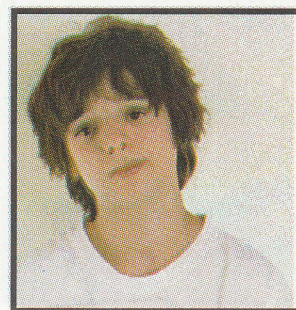
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Daniel Brown



Matthew Collyer



Nicholas Duell



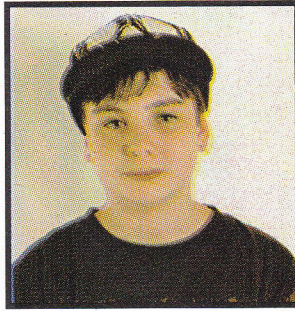
Zach Everett



Luke Fisher



Derek Gianchetta



Mick Golden



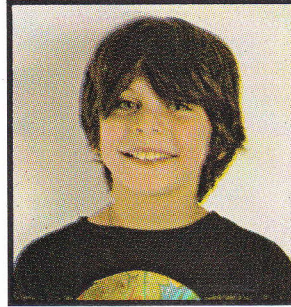
Josh Horowitz



Ben Jackson



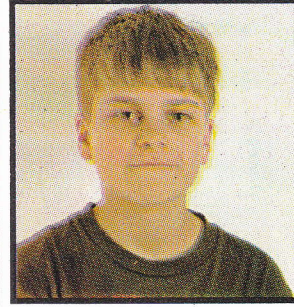
Ian Kohs



Coby Mandell



Jacob Maren



George Millette



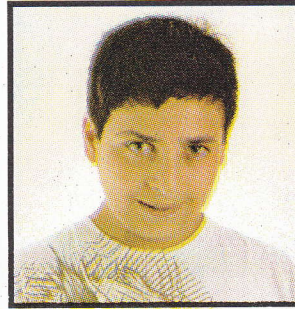
Matt Olencki



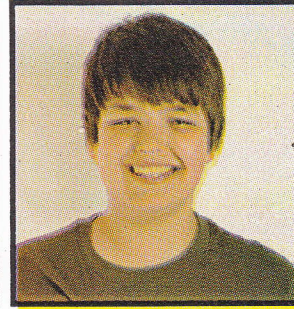
Ethan Parker



Josh Rudner



Michael Salzman



Cole Simon



Matt Steinberg



Tom Tenhula

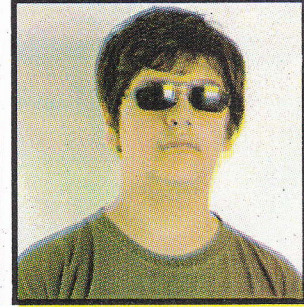
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Jack Bilbrough



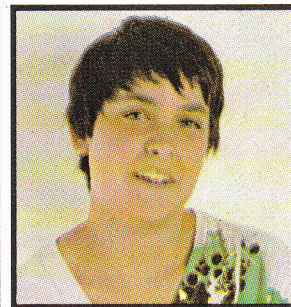
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James Covello



Matthew Duepner



Sam Dworkin



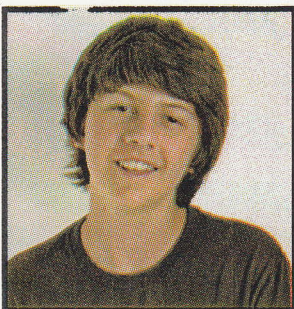
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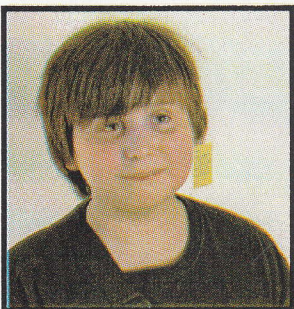
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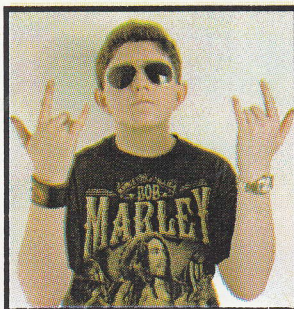
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Ethan Jadow



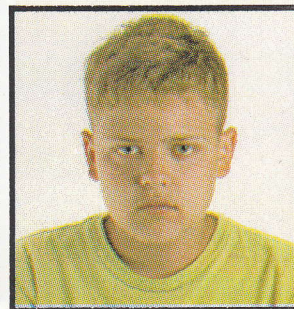
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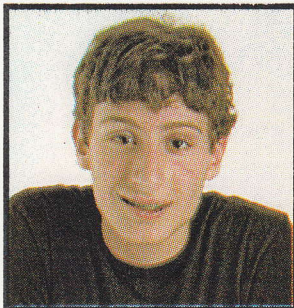
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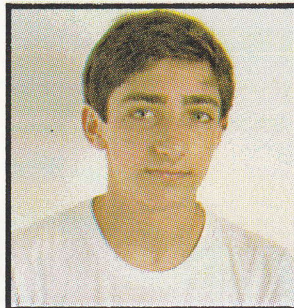
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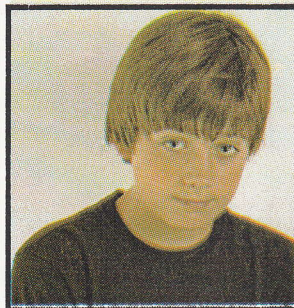
Nikita Kopylov



Jonathan Krakaur



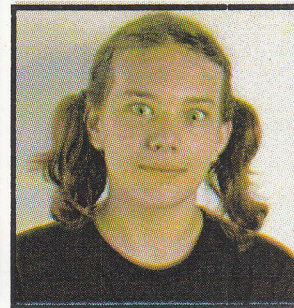
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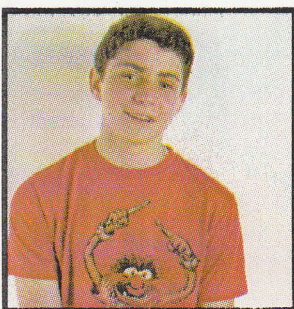
Matthias Laudico



Dylan Morris



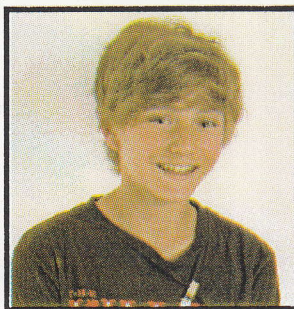
Sam Nast



Michael Nelson



Roman Panibratyuk



Sandro Peppe



Julian Perricone



Gavin Petty



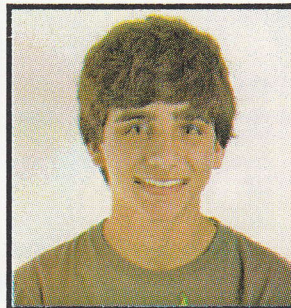
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Max Retik



William Sawikin



Michael Schreiber



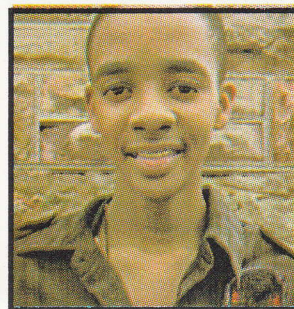
Jess Slade-D'Addona



Matthew Steinberg

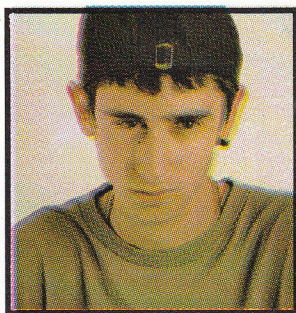


Ben Stewart

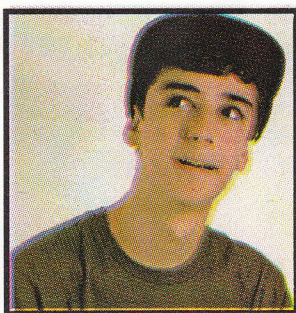


Bryan Thompson

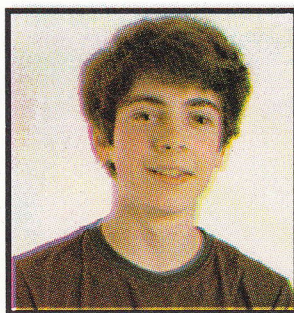
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Tal Arkin



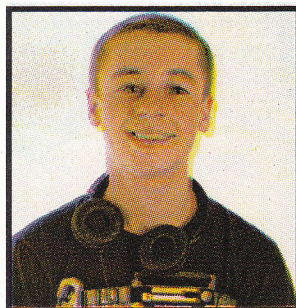
Conor Behrens



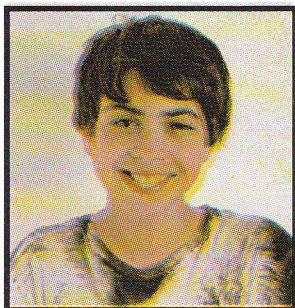
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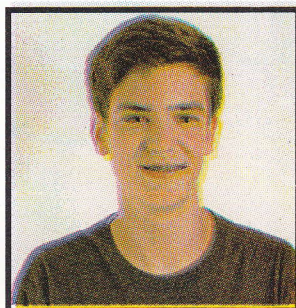
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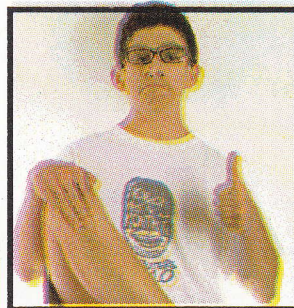
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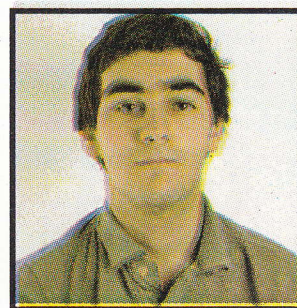
Mark Gartsbeyn



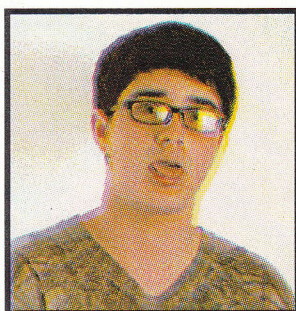
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Andrew Gibbons



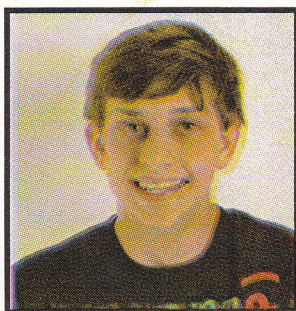
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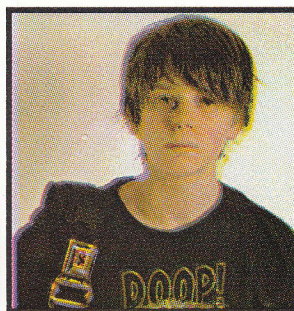
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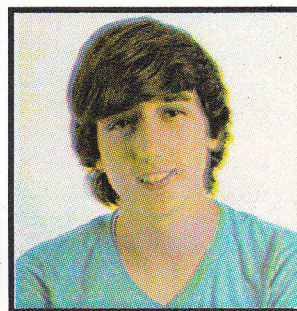
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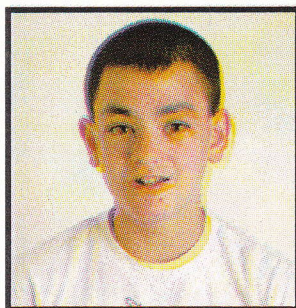
Max Helburn



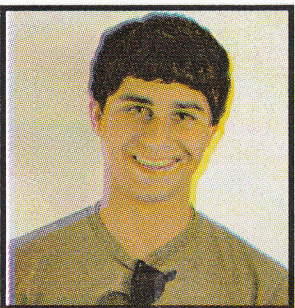
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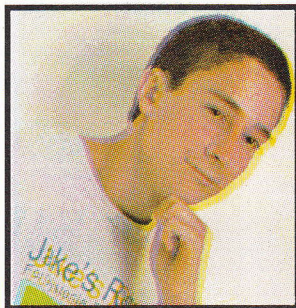
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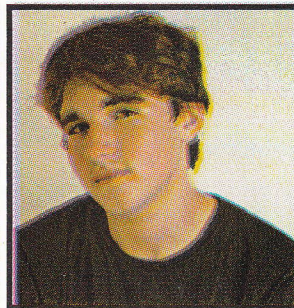
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Jonathan Kupfer



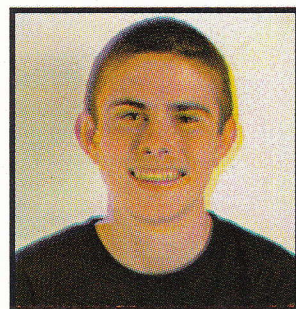
Max Markovitz



Nick Supino



Benji Trosch



Ian Zane

Second Session

GH



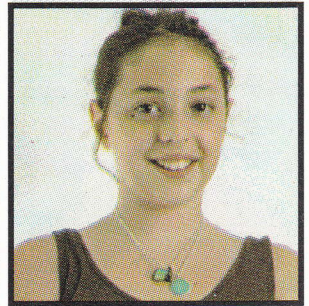
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Zoe Bensusan



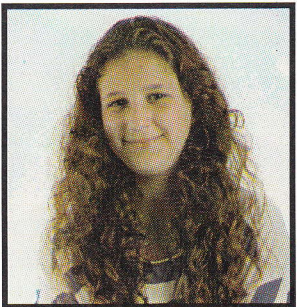
Lily Bradfield



Caitlin Covello



Eva Fexy



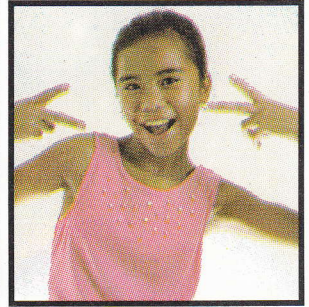
Lucy Freedman



Bella Friedman



Lia Gaccione



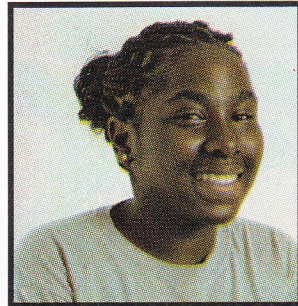
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Dagmar Marshall-Michelson



Rosalinda Mesbahi

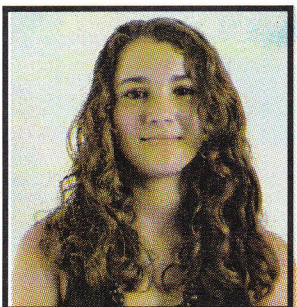


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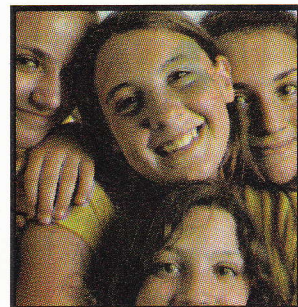


Zoe Rutkovsky

GA1



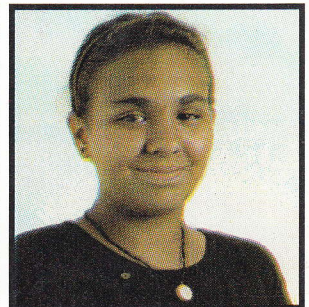
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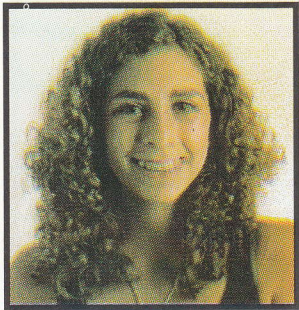
Edie Copp



Isabelle D'Arcy



Penny Deen



Nina Haskelson



Halley Jonas



Maria Lardas



Emily Miner



Zoe Palmer



Hazel Pine



Addisa Rigaud



Sabrina Sternberg

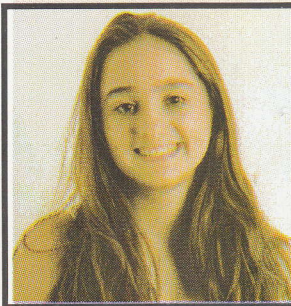


Emma Tallon

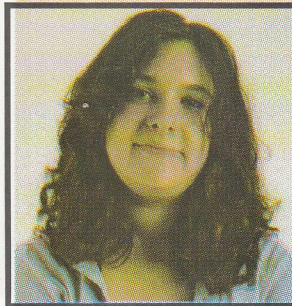
GA2



Emily Alworth



Olivia Brown



Natalie Dworkin



Nieve Ferguson



Arianna Haskelson



Leila Hirschfeld



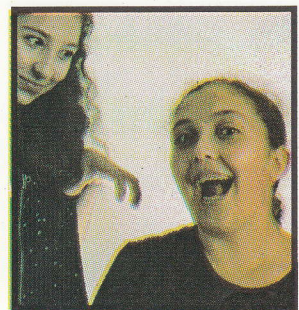
Sarah Paraszcak



Madi Pohl



Izzy Rozas

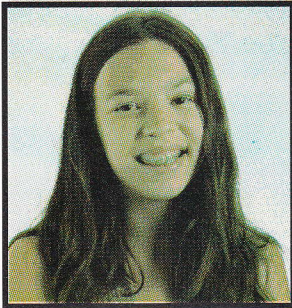


Kayla Rudess



Amelia Sylvor Greenberg

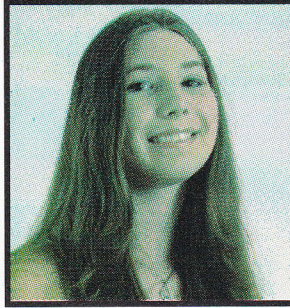
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Rachel Berger



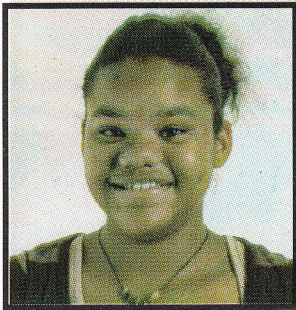
Bess Cohen



Beth Cosgrove



Eva Gonzalez



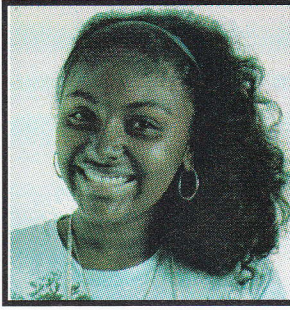
Nachary Hernandez



Tatyana Sanders

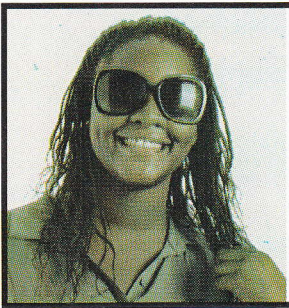


Elana Schlansky

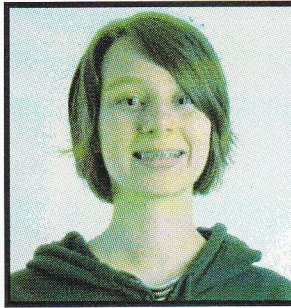


Nydia Zapata

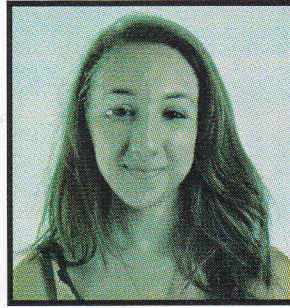
GT



Kavona Carney



Syltra Cuypers-Stanienda



Anna Dumoff



Kendra Farrell



Myesha Gardner



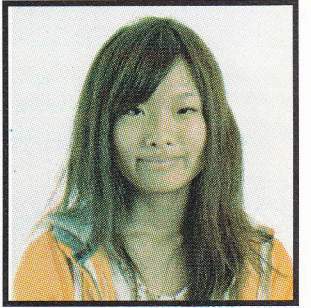
Lily Harris



Claire Inglis



Abigail Johnson



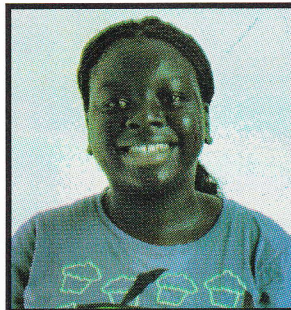
Misa Nakajima



Jenna O'Dell



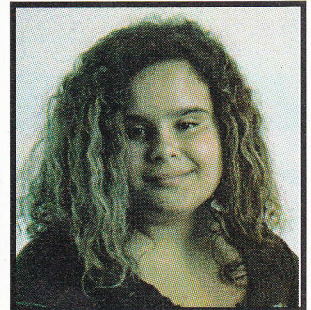
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Selean Ridley



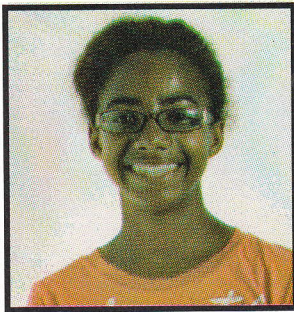
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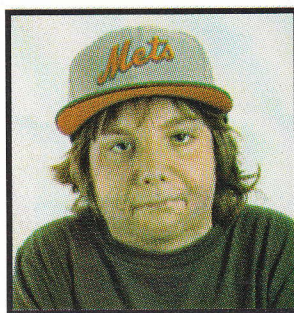


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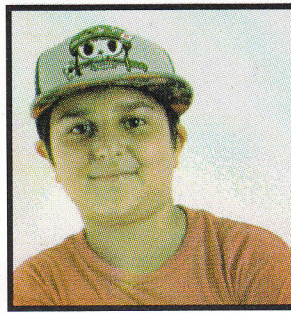
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Jared Fel



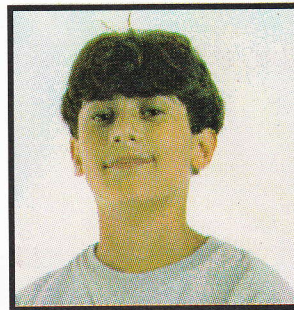
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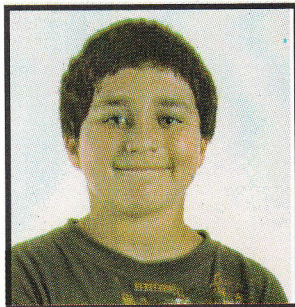
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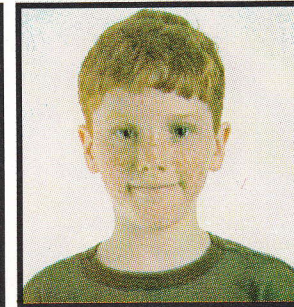
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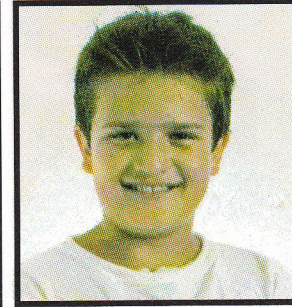
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Josh Rauch



Ben Roffman



Bix Rubin



Julian Ventura

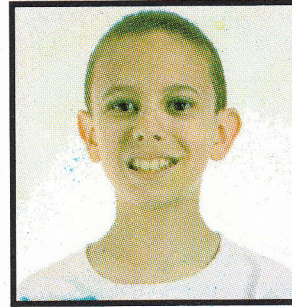


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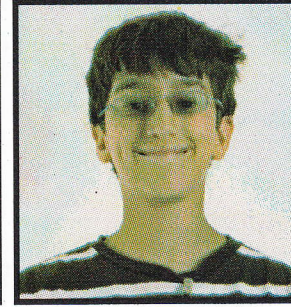


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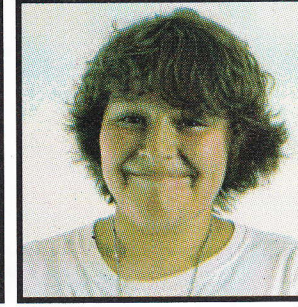
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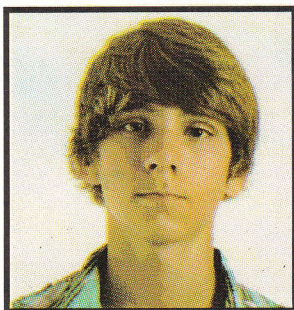
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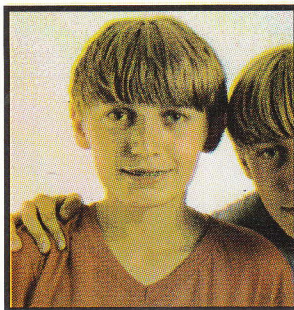
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Nikita Doskochynskyy



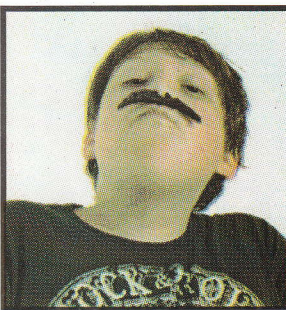
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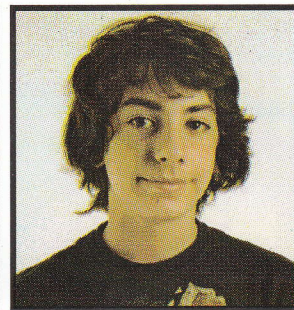
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Micah Frier



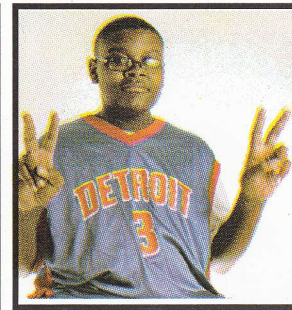
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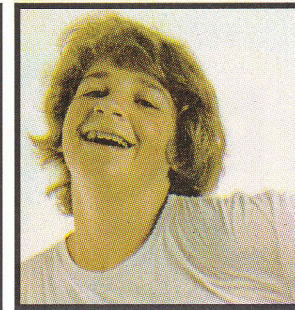
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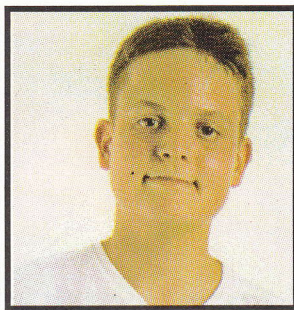
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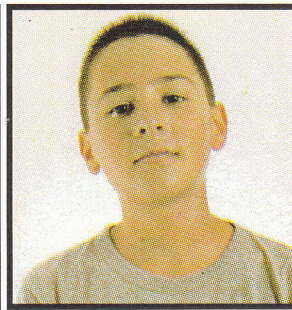
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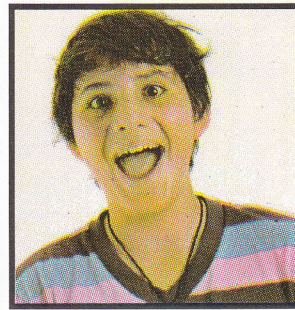
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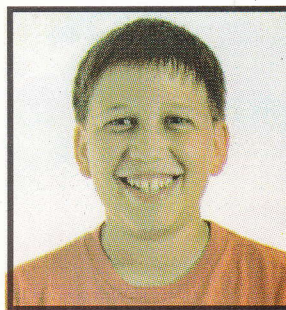
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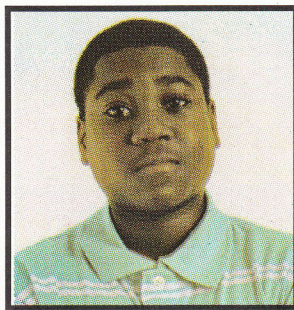
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Roman Wallfisch

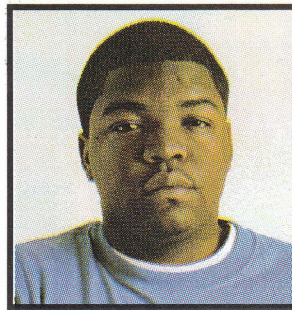


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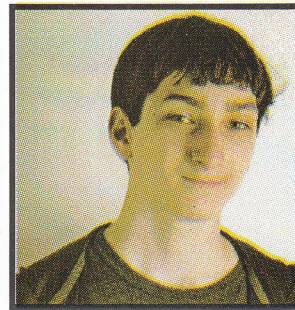


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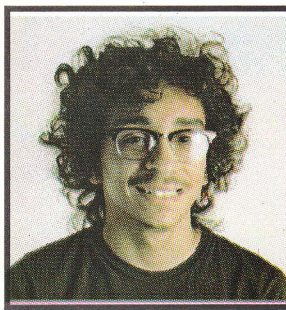
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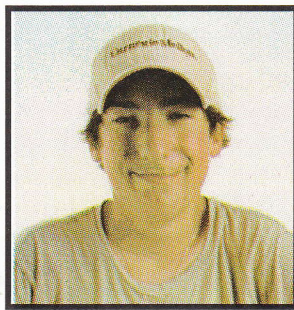
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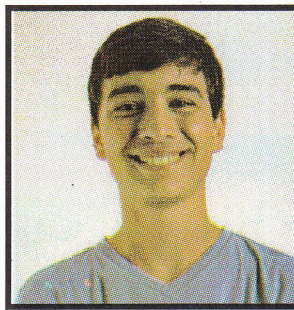
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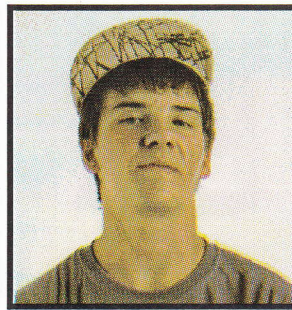
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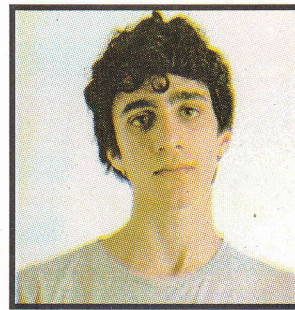
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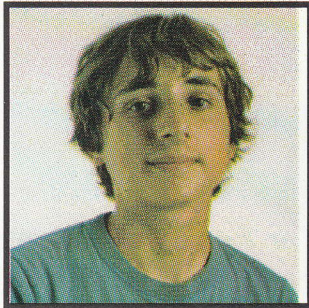
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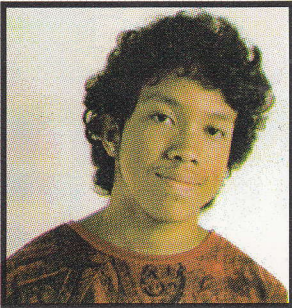
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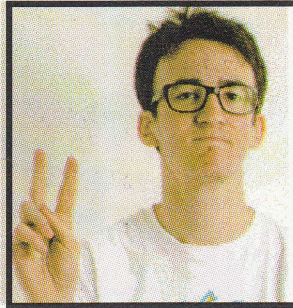
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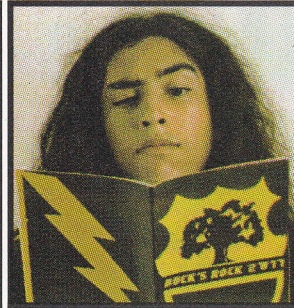
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Ricky Mejias



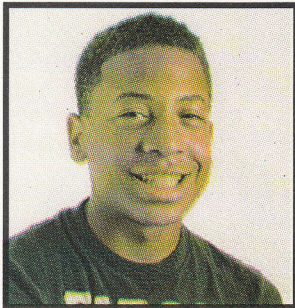
Dill Morris



Miles Neretin



Louis Nye



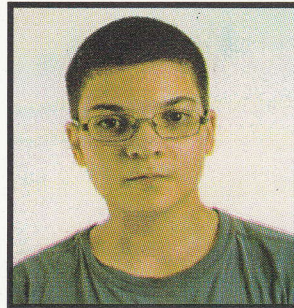
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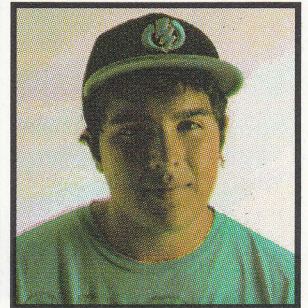
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Abe Silver



Jeremy Snyder



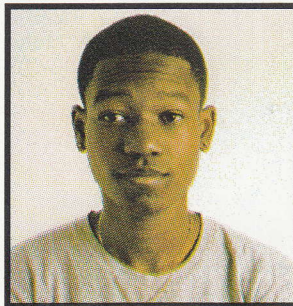
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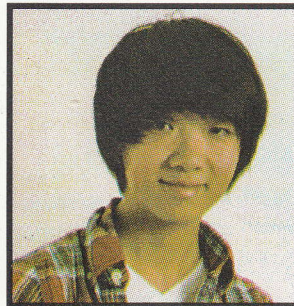
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Max Wellington

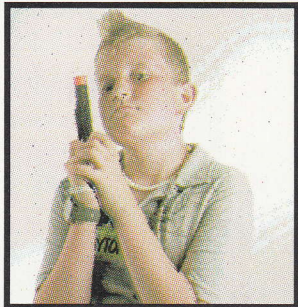


Malik Wingard



Charles Zhang

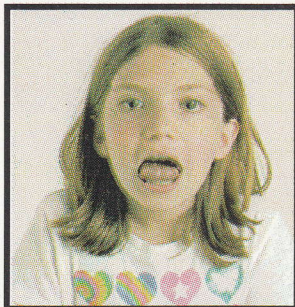
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Payton Baysinger



Alex Blumenfeld



Danna Burshtine



BB Deen



Tess Dickstein



Uma Duarte Esgalhado



Tali Fel



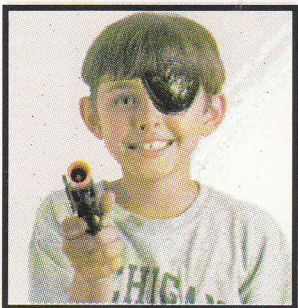
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Emma Giventer-Braff



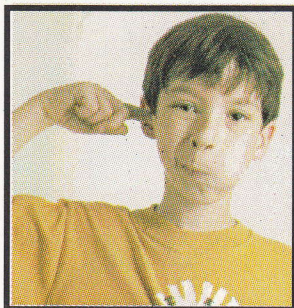
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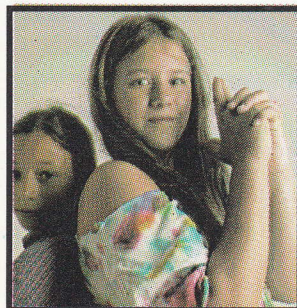
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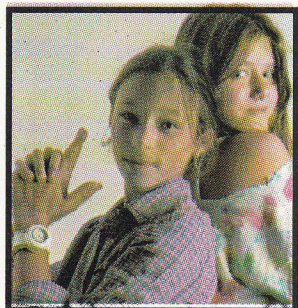
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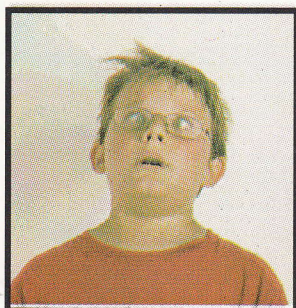
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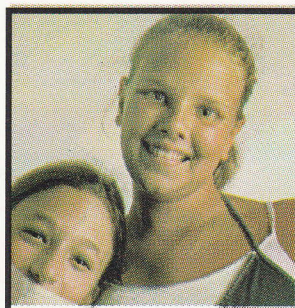
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Sydney Nadler



Max Nast



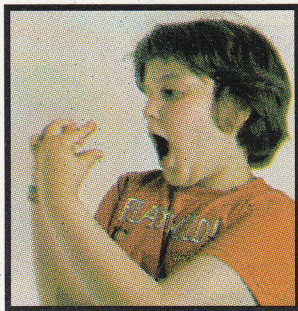
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Claire Rutstein



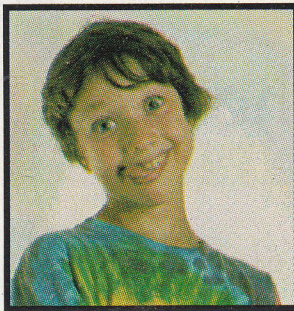
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Leah Smiley



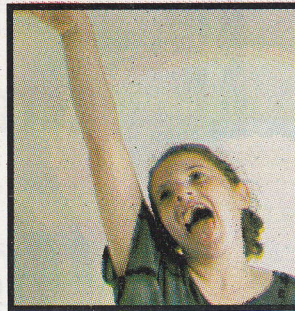
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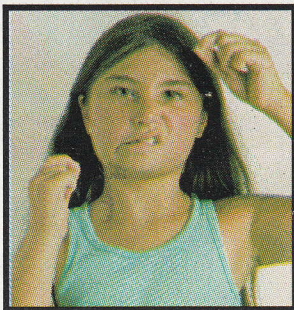
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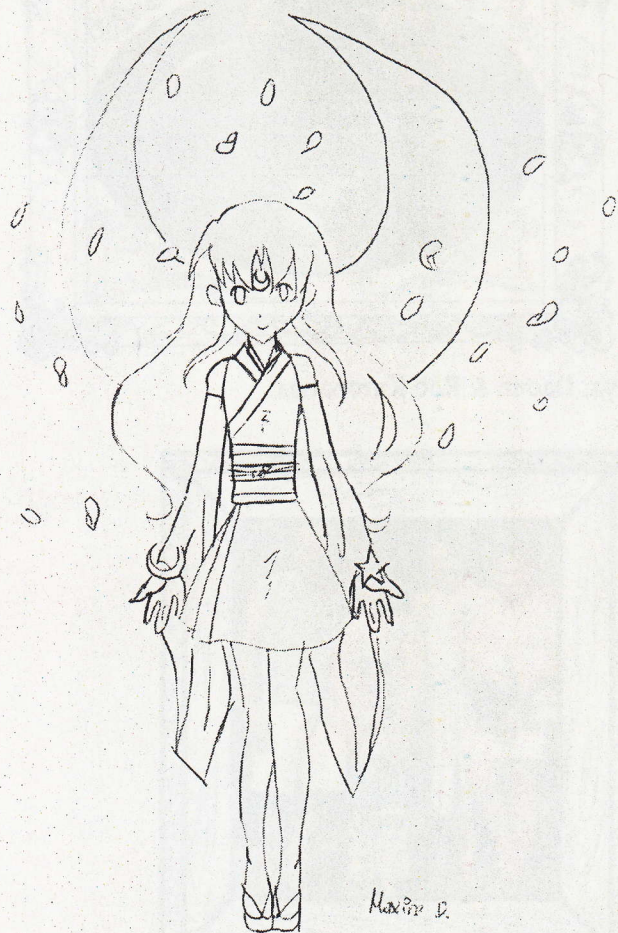
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Lily Wellington



Alex Zitomer



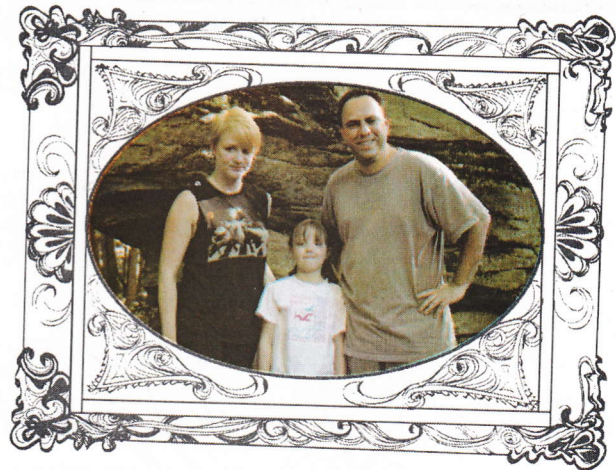
F Family Photos



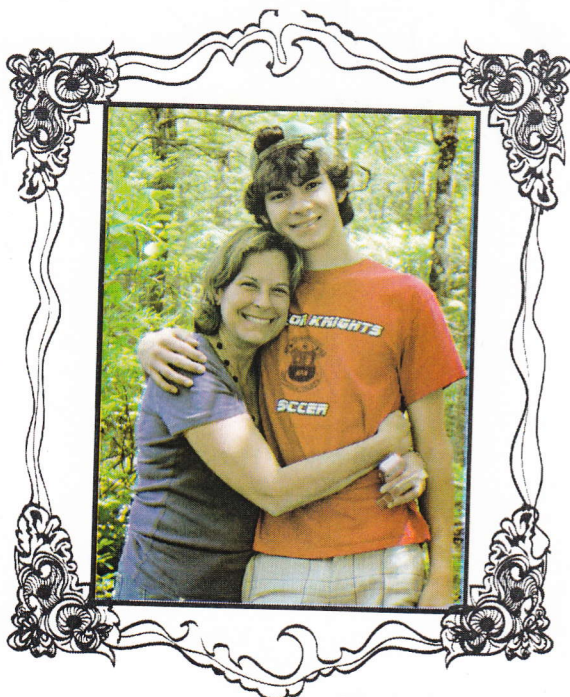
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The Kantrowitz Family



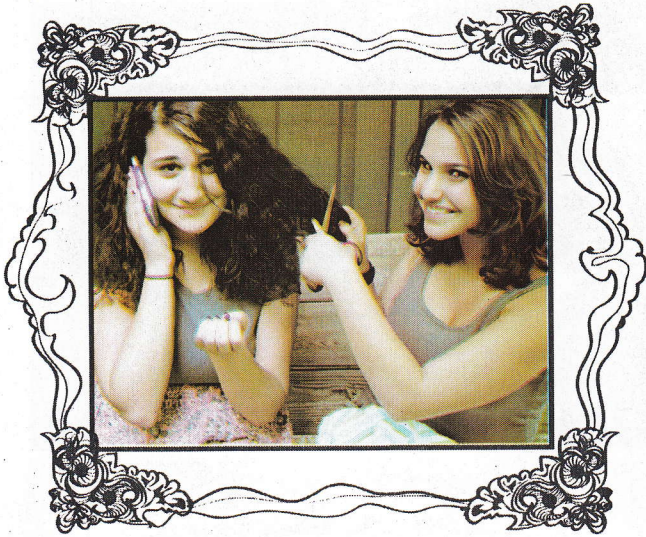
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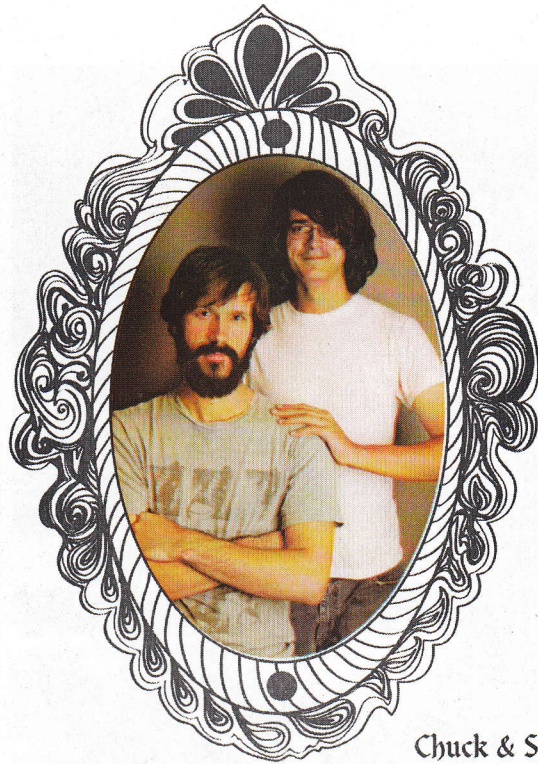
Marla & Chris Tmini



La familia Diaz



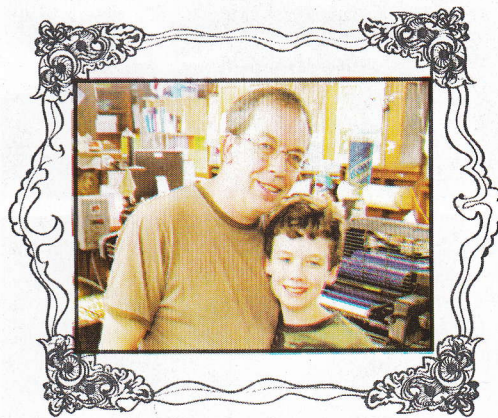
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Chuck & Sam Wilson



Teena and Kate Watson



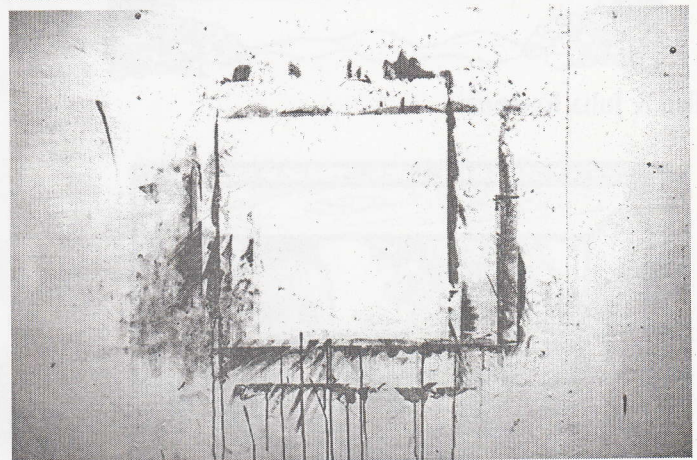
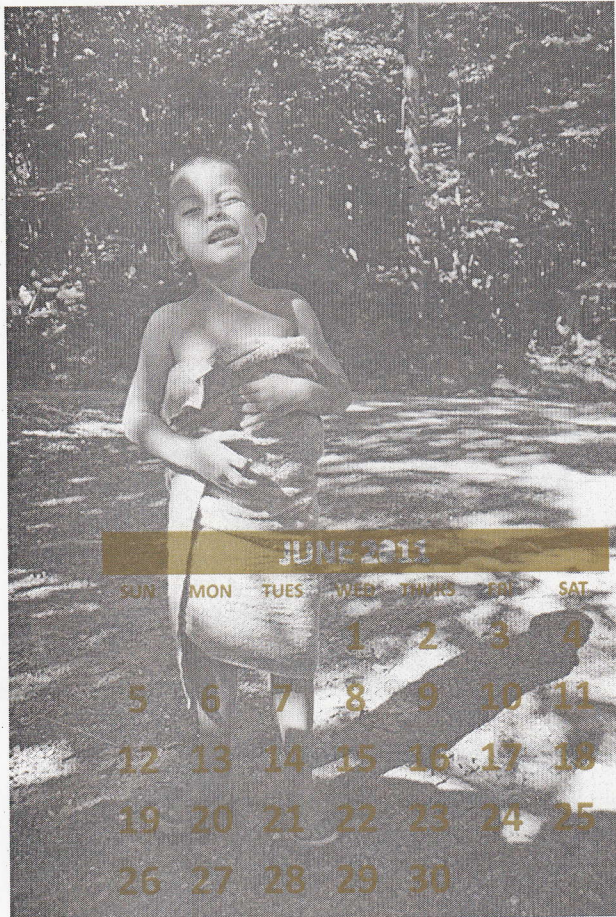
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Zoe & Alex Huber-Weiss



Deb & Luu Li Haas

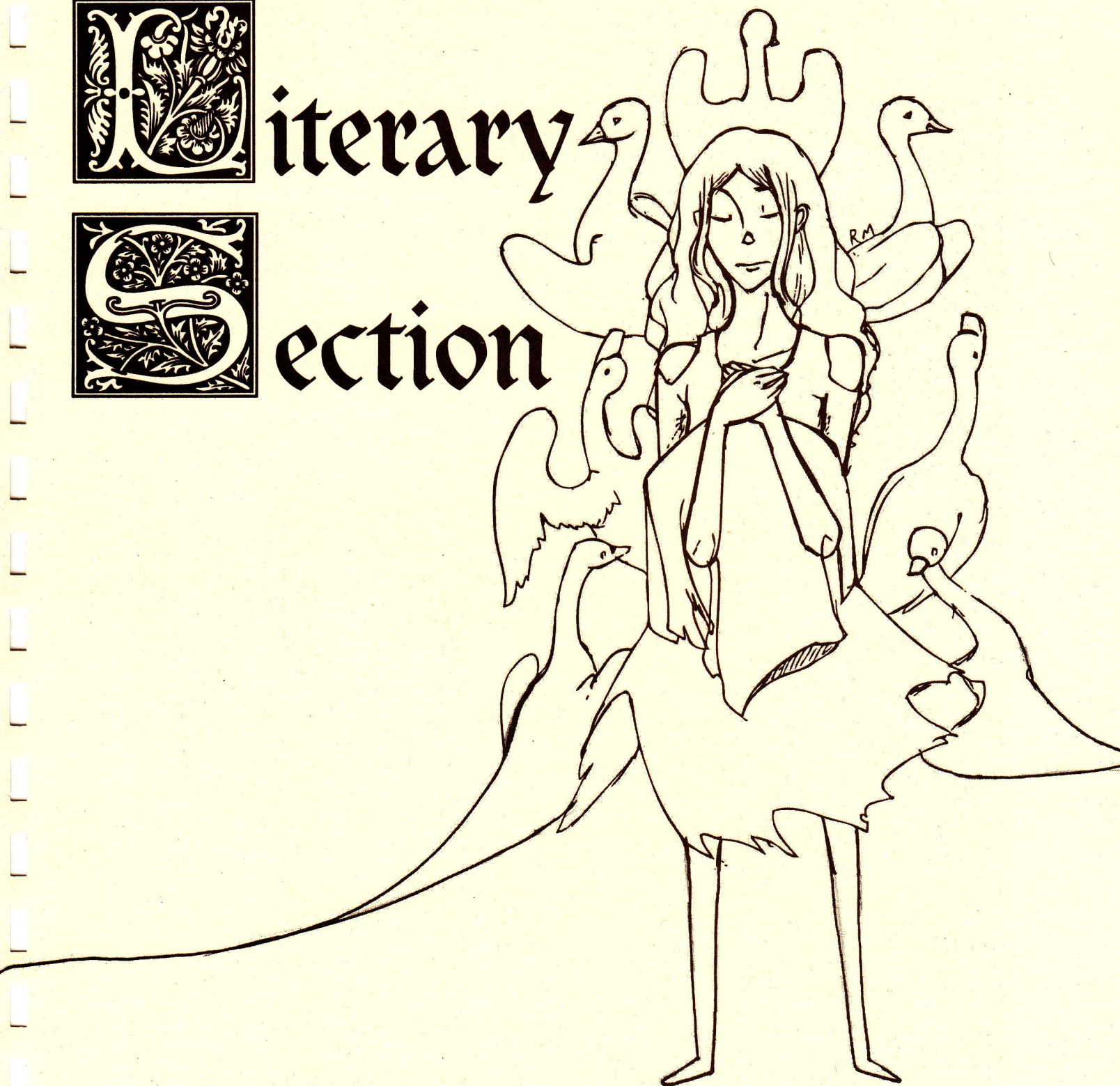




literary



Section





creativity grows, like Jack's beanstalk.
A magic seed planted by somebody,
then nourished by its surroundings.
It grows and grows, without stopping.
Where will it end up?
A country by the sea?
A distant star?
Or maybe a castle with a golden goose...

Bridget Cavanagh

“Hey”: A dramatic female monologue

By Bridget Cavanagh



The girl is in her late teens, possibly her early twenties. She starts out very outgoing, shouting at an unseen person in the audience.

Girl: Hey! Hey you, yes you...
[exasperated] No, not you, him.
Yeah. That guy over there. [she points] Hey! [At this point, she has gained the person's attention and her attitude changes, she is shy and much quieter. She fidgets while speaking and does not make much eye contact.] Hey, so... hi. How've you been? That's great, yeah. Um... Oh? Did I want something? No. Nothing in particular. Just saying "hi". [she waves] Yep. See you. Bye.

[she waves and watches the person pass her and go offstage. the moment he is gone, her old attitude returns and she is furious] Dear God in heaven above! Why am I such an idiot? Every. [she throws her fist in her hand] Day. I see him and Every. [again] Day. I want to tell him. I want to tell him that he's beautiful. I want to tell him that there's no reason that he should

hate himself. I want to say "Hey! I love you." [sigh. she's frustrated] But no. No, every time I see him it's something stupid. He's great. He listens to me ramble, but then we keep going our separate ways. Every. [punch] Day. And I haven't told him.

[she begins thinking] I'm not sure what's keeping me back... I guess I'm scared. I'm not sure what I'm scared of... I guess it's rejection. That he won't like me. I guess I'm afraid that I'm not good enough for him. I guess I'm afraid of— [realizing for the first time] myself. Afraid of myself. Oh God. That's it, isn't it? All this... [she looks and sees that the person she was speaking with is back. she is about to shrink into her shyer personality, stops herself and shouts, unsure, but also uncaring] Hey! Yeah, hey. How are you? [long pause] Hey, I love you.

ILLUSTRATION BY RACHAEL JOHNSON

The Thief's Job

By Roberta Miller

"There she goes!"

"Catch her!"

"In the name of the God Theriacus STOP!"

Jezzy snickered in glee as she got away from the warrior priests with the gem. The gem of Erimar and the greatest-

The female thief collapsed on the ground with a bump to the head. From the shadows stepped a man with fiery red hair and a half mask shaped like a fox's face. He stooped down and snagged the gem from the thieves' grasp then turned away and jumped back into the shadows. His job was done but Toll still had some work left.

Hiding the gem, his wig and his outfit in a hollowed tree, Fox became Toll and crept silently back into the temple of Theriacus. Hiding amongst the other novices with his now short brown hair and average robe, Toll snuck to the room where the gem was hidden and lay down as if he were unconscious. Now all he needed to do was wait for some other order member to come in to cement his place as a follower and not a betrayer. Who would have thought his job would have been this simple. It had only taken him one week.

~ One Week Ago ~

"You called, my God?" said Fox as he walked into the empty circular room. A whirlwind of gold dust swirled from the ceiling and compressed into the form of a man. He was a sight to behold decked out in thief's garb but covered in shiny gems and jewels. But there was a glaringly obvious blank spot on his longest necklace. The spot where his biggest gem usually hung was empty.

"My God your - ." Fox started to say but was cut-off with an impatient - .

"Yes, Yes. I know that is why I have called you. My brother Theriacus has taken my Gem and has hidden it somewhere in his main temple. Since I have no say in my brother's temple I need you to go and retrieve it. After all Fox, Riley Gooden, you are my greatest worshiper and the greatest thief of this time."

"I will do as you wish my God. No matter what I have to go through I will retrieve your Gem." With the last promise Fox turned and walked briskly from the room with his black cape flaring dramatically behind him.

"I wonder how he does that cape thing without being a God?" Erimar wondered but shrugged it off and turned back into gold dust twisting his way out of the room.

Fox strode out into the hallway and quickly reached his room within the temple. Shedding his persona as Fox, Riley Gooden, supposedly an average thief, emerged. He was a man of average height with a seemingly average build and almost average looks. With bright green eyes and nothing but slight blonde fuzz on his head, Riley, despite his average features, was a sight to behold. The way he stood drew everyone's eyes to him. He commanded attention the way a general commanded a battlefield. Riley strode to the closet of his room and pulled it open. Rummaging around for a second he pulled back with a slick brown wig and the robes of the order of Theriacus. Pulling them on he went quickly into the bathroom and stared into the mirror. Slowly his features changed, from a proud individual into a merciless, self-serving backstabber. His form slowly started to shrink as he pulled himself together making his average build look smaller and weaker, and this was emphasized by his too big robe. With one last glance into the mirror the newly created Toll put a sneer on his face and shuffled off.

~ Present Day ~

After that it was a simple mission. With his slimy looks he was quickly welcomed as a novice priest in the order of Theriacus, that of Lawyers and Politicians. Then it was just a matter of getting signed up as cleanup instead of cooking in the job cycles. Sending his fellow cleaner off to early lunch was enough to get him alone with the gem and it was just pure luck that another thief had come along to steal the gem. Getting "knocked out" and found was enough for him to finish his mission. Luckily the thief was bad enough to be spotted fleeing with the gem so he didn't need to wait for someone to find him before getting the gem. Just a simple matter of knocking her out and hiding the gem and his disguise was enough. The hardest part of the mission so far had been lying here on the hard stone floor.

With that last thought Toll, or Fox, or Riley, fell asleep on the floor waiting for someone to find him and hoping the next mission Erimar gave him wasn't as lame as this one. Outside the walls of Theriacus's Temple Erimar was floating around as gold dust. When he found the hollow tree he reached in and grabbed his gem. Hooking it back onto the spot on his necklace he chuckled hearing the grumbling from his favorite thief. "Don't worry Riley," he said, "I'll have a much better job for you next time. One that will trump every mission so far." With that promise Erimar split into pieces and the gold dust he had become spread far and wide, searching for the one thing which he needed more than anything else, not that he actually knew what it was. "Stupid Prophecies."

Writer's Guide

By Stella Moss-Slavin

Chapter 1: Getting Started

When you're writing you should write for fun, or you will be this:



Not pretty, huh? WRITE FOR FUN! Inspiration can hit you in a coffee shop, or anywhere! Be prepared! That's all folks!

Chapter 2: Stories You Don't Want to Make All the Time

Where the main character always has a happy, happy ending, such as: Heroine gets a man, and everyone who is deceased comes back [too cliché]. Or... when the hero finds a woman and they fall in love, plus everyone's happy [Is anybody unhappy when they're together?]. Or... the maid marries a prince, gets rich. Or... fairy godmother says all your dreams will come true [enough, just shut up.]. Do you wanna be a good writer? Then read my lips... these endings don't always work. People don't like when stories are too, too happy.

Chapter 3: REJECTION

All you young and old writers... expect rejection! Not everyone will like your work.

Chapter 4: Taking Rejection with a Grain of Salt

Keep in mind that if you get rejected, don't lose confidence! Just not too much, such as a comment about yourself like this: "I'm so cool, I'm better than everyone else." That will get you nowhere. But being confident enough... well that's a gift. Try these encouraging thoughts when you get rejected: This person [or people] may not like my work, but someone out there will. Or... don't lose confidence in your work [definition: don't go home thinking you suck, because you don't. Of course, I would say you do if you aren't reading my Writer's Guide].

Chapter 5: Adios

You are now a full-grown writer [as far as I'm concerned]! Good luck! Good riddance [just kidding]! :)

ILLUSTRATION BY STELLA MOSS-SLAVIN

Footsteps

By Mark Gartsbeyn

Your footsteps show where you've been, lead to where you are, and help determine where you are going.

What if you could see all the footsteps that your foot has stepped inside of in your entire life, if they eternally shined with a fluorescent glow? What if you could show where you've been and how frequently you've been there?

Your room would be absolutely covered in this glow, save for perhaps a few spots under the bed. The rest of your house would be coated in your glowing footsteps.

Walk outside the house (making more footsteps as you go along, of course), and you could be led to the old lake you always wandered off to on your bicycle when you were a kid or to the old tree in the old field where you would spend time with your mother and father as a toddler. You could trace along to the old playground with the old swings that were always a little bit squeaky. You could travel to your old elementary school, where you could find your old classroom and your old teacher.

You could find the old convenience store that you always dropped into after class to grab a snack or two, or to an old friends house where you used to have sleepovers every weekend. To the old YMCA where you went after school sometimes to play basketball or hang out with your old friends or to the old burger shop where you always went with your old crush.

And then you look beyond your town or your city, to all the places you've traveled, all the places you've ever been, all of the places you've stepped foot in, all of the cities and the towns and the countries and the centres that you have ever been in. What if footsteps made an everlasting mark?

Alas, footsteps are not everlasting. Memories slip, buildings decay, friendships fall apart, and time goes on.

But you're always moving forward, to new places, to new people, always making new footsteps.

Prologue to Lamarck

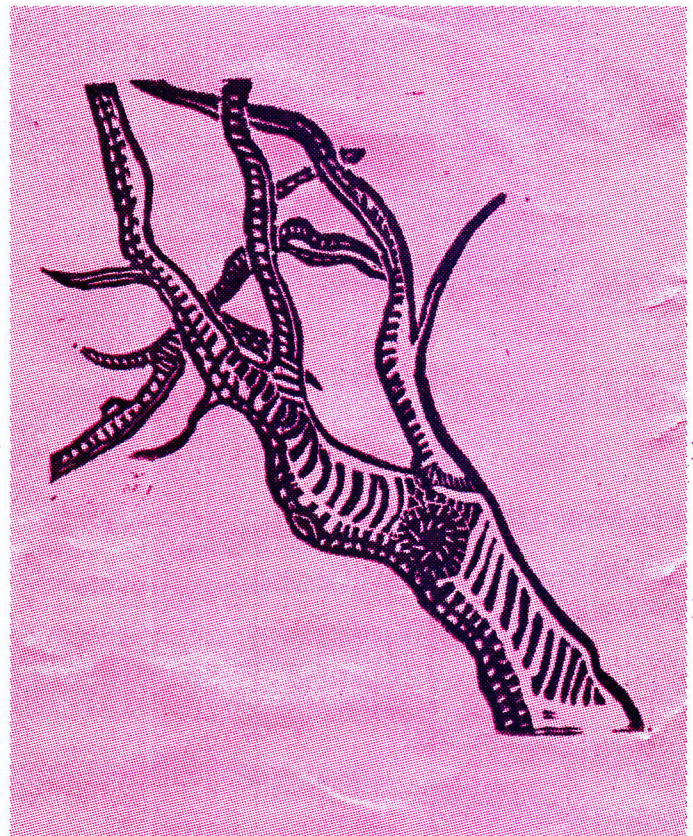
By Sophia Eller

The library was vast and shadowy; high arched windows let in slanted shafts of light, which impaled dust motes swirling through the air before coming to rest on the shelves. The carpet muffled the sound of footsteps, while the solemnity of the room subdued conversation to a whisper. Every scrap of noise echoed wildly through the vaulted hall, eventually returning, now unintelligible, to its point of origin. The space was filled with the smell of books: paper, leather, and age.

The people came in ones and twos; they wandered through the stacks; they formed knots of conversation around the huge armchairs and heavy wooden reading tables. Their expressions gave nothing away, and their voices betrayed no strong emotion, but the entire gathering was filled with an undercurrent of excitement. What was to happen here was important, vitally so. Half an hour after the first person's arrival, the guests had gathered in the open central space. They varied wildly in age, but little in appearance. The same pale eyes, the same straight nose, and the same charming smile could be seen as a repeating motif throughout the crowd. A hush fell over them all as two of their number—first a young, attractive woman and then a dignified man whose face was lined with wrinkles and whose hair was streaked with gray—emerged from the crowd, spoke briefly to the assembled mass, and then returned to the group. The muffled chatter resumed, stronger than before.

Everywhere in that library—carved into the table legs, painted into the murals on the walls and ceiling, woven into the carpet and embossed in gold on the spines of the books—was the family crest. A simple symbol, so innocuous and ubiquitous that most would overlook it. But these people, who gathered to speak in hushed tones, had all noticed it, every one. No one had pointed it out or explained it. They had all noticed it as children, and they had all eventually guessed its meaning. And the cleverest among them had already known not to ask if they were right.

After a while the conversation ceased again, and the family voted. With a quick count, the course of history was decided. Though the war was only half over, the outcome was already decided. And on the edge of the crowd, leaning complacently against a bookshelf, the young woman allowed a brief expression to flit across her face—victory.



LINOLEUM BLOCK PRINT BY JONAS PALMER

“

**Keep
your
head
up**

”

**Tupac
Shakur**



For me, this quote signifies a beacon of hope for people and their daily struggles. If you're rich or poor white, black, hispanic, or asian, every human being has that rugged feeling of oppression. Sometimes you can feel alone and without help. At other times you're surrounded and you feel helpless. We all have dreams of rising above negativity and sadness and turning it into something positive and happy. It isn't easy for most people due to the way the world works with the absence of peace, love and understanding. I believe that if you keep your head up, look forward, ignore the american dream and follow your own, you can achieve eternal satisfaction.

SILKSCREEN DESIGN & WRITING BY RAPHAEL SAPIKO

“In Her Hips There's Revolutions”

By **Jessy Katz**

So sneering isn't always
the solution
But it is perfectly
acceptable for your lip to
curl

Oh Riot Grrrl

When confronted with
people who tell you to
Yes! Hoard! Collect! But
wait wait wait wait to
RELEASE

All of your knowledge
onto the world
but only at the right time
right place

through the right actions
the right chaste actions
the people who let you
make signs that say

I think I'm G-darn P.O.'d
Instead of

**I KNOW I'm God Damn
PISSSED**

Along with other glorious
banned from the
classroom words that fuel
your fire

A fire that I hope will
escape those people those
traps

So it may spread around
the world

And I can get burned
Oh Riot Grrrl

Excerpt from The Carrier of the Cold

By Sara Miller

Author's Note: This story is based on an urban legend made up on a forum. It's about a monster named Slender Man who stalks children and adults. Nobody knows what he wants or where he's from. He kills brutally. I know Slender Man isn't real, but sometimes I feel like someone's watching me and, when I turn around, nothing's there.

"So, Miss Stevens, what did this man look like?" Dr. Dorling asked, while I sat on a beanbag chair. My mom had left me with this strange psychiatrist, once she asked me more about Zaine. She had certainly not been happy, my dad and sister too, when I ran out of my room when HE tried to come in.

"He's tall, and has a completely white face. He wears a black suit with a white shirt and black tie. But that's just his disguise, a lot of times he takes out his black, slimy tentacles. He's an alien named Zaine from another universe. Sometimes I call him Slender Man. He told me that the corporation he works for needs special children like me, to dream for his company. He wants to play with me, but I always say no. But then he started stalking me and showing up in my dreams and I'm really scared... I think he wants to take me back with him. Then one time he tried to open up my window and banged against it, I don't know what to do." I whimpered after blurting that out, afraid HE may hear me.

"Do you think this is just your imagination?" The doctor asked curiously.

"No, I've seen him since I was three, and maybe before that, I don't remember."

"I'm going to talk with your mother, and we'll see." As he left the room, I saw HIM. He was staring at me from outside, on a rooftop next to the apartment room I was in. Once again, the Slender Man was glaring. I shrank away from the window, frightened.

I ended up getting anti-psychotic medicine. My parents treated me differently, somehow. Like if they were avoiding their "crazy" 10-year-old daughter. Only Jenny treated me the same. Same smile on her dimpled face, she would run up to me after I got back from school, shrieking, "Lectie!" her nickname for me.

At school, I acted normal, though everyone could tell I changed a bit. Inside, my mind was a nervous turmoil, wondering where I would see Zaine next. Would he be watching me from the woods that lined much of my town, or be behind one of my friends, staring at me with his soulless eyes? I didn't know. But the worst part was that I knew Zaine had been lying when he killed that stray cat. I wondered if I didn't ever come with him, he would break in and kill me. Even worse, maybe he would take my adorable little sister instead.

One night, I was dozing off when I heard Jenny laughing.

"You're funny, Slender Man. I'll come with you." She chortled, holding her dog to her side. I raced to the window, and saw Zaine. He was holding out a tentacle to her. Worse – she was about to take it!

"Get off!" I yelled, running up to the monster, pillow in hand. I hit him; the appendage got beaten back a bit.

"Now Electra, that's not a nice thing to do." Zaine scolded, but he drew back his tendril.

"Stay away from my sister!" I pulled Jenny away from him, though she started crying. I then slammed the window down, and Slender Man barely escaped from getting his tentacles stuck. He looked at me, annoyed. Zaine then smirked and started tapping on the window. I tucked Jenny into bed tightly, even though she kept on trying to get up. I got into bed and tried to ignore the persistent tapping that would go on for the rest of the night.

Jenny grew distant towards me. It broke my heart to see that she was doing this all because of Slender Man. I didn't talk to him anymore, though Jenny did. I couldn't stop her, when I interfered she would quit talking and Zaine would disappear.

Before bed another night, Jenny came up to me and said happily, "Zaine says I'm more special than you." I gritted my teeth and tried not to cry. He was persuading her, just like he did to me. His charming tentacles had already taken hold of her soul. The worst thing is that I didn't think Slender Man has taken his off mine yet...

The Three Brothers

By Ben Jackson

Buck's Rock camp is a legend, as we all know it. Some people believe that Buck's Rock camp formed when the world began, but most people know it like this:

There were once three brothers who had been traveling to get to their mother, but they had made a wrong turn and managed to get stranded in a desert with no hope for survival. The first brother was spoiled – he would assassinate a person to get what he wanted. The second brother was selfish and would always put himself on top of every situation. The third brother had been mistreated most of his life: he had been made fun of by his other brothers, but he was a very kind and humble man.

Feeling sorry for the brothers, suddenly God jumped from the heavens to the earth. The brothers were shocked to see him and wondered why he was there to help them. God said, "I am here to grant anything you wish." The first brother was spoiled and wished to have lots and lots of money. So God gave him so much money that he got trapped in a pile of money for the rest of his life. The second brother was selfish and wished to always be happy. So God gave him happiness which meant his only emotion was happiness, and at first the brother loved this but then he realized that no matter what situation he was in he would be happy about it. This is bad because when he was supposed to be sad like if his mother died he would be happy. The third brother humbly wished to make a camp called Buck's Rock which almost everyone would enjoy.

The third brother asked God to put the elements of Canteen, Glass, Metals, Publications, Batik, Computers, Video, etc. So God said to the third brother in order for me to grant this you must sacrifice yourself because a wish as big as that must come with a price. But because the brother was so selfless he agreed.

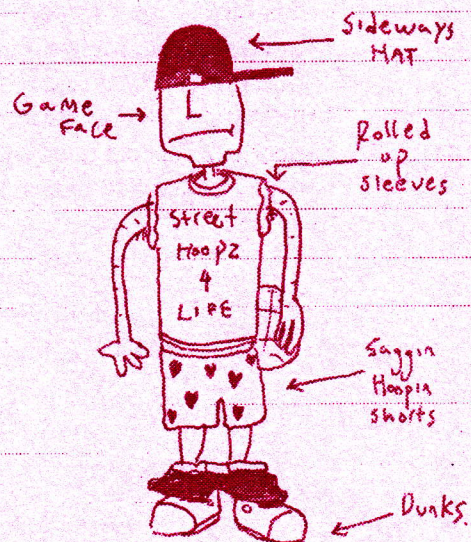
The Bucks Rock Track Team is a group of dedicated individuals who spend their evenings running around without shirts, doing figure 8's and Chanting. Chanting is the most important part. They usually chant the themes from children's television shows. The other most important part is the shirtlessness. You can't right jog properly without airin' those ribs. I forgot to mention, practice always consists of night joggin' and figure 8's around the tennis court. We've gotta stay in shape. The big meet is always tomorrow. We're facing off against the Rivalton Rivals. (they're our rival team). I'd keep writing about how awesome the BRTT is, but I gotta go practice. big meet is tomorrow.

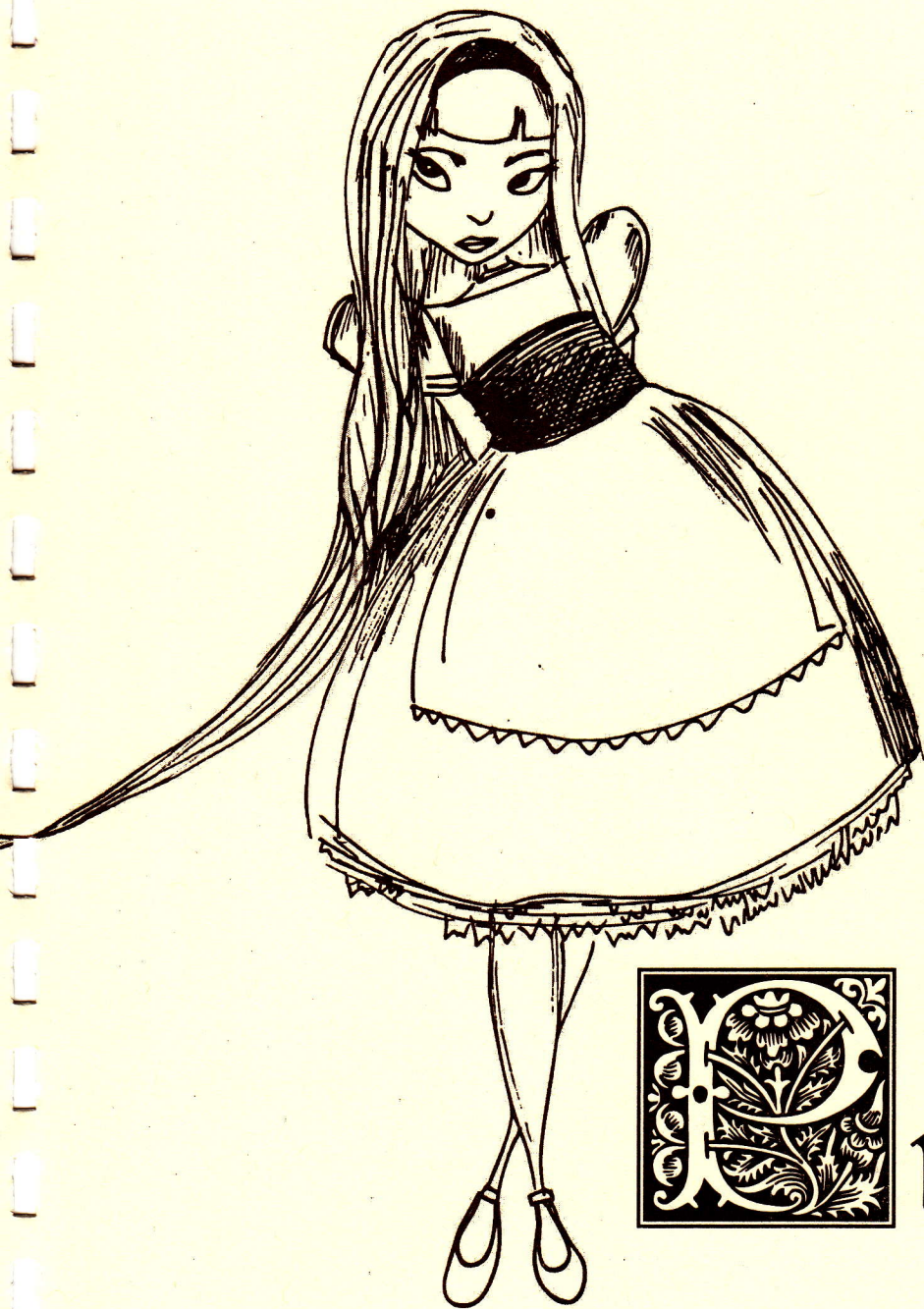
- Ross Dener
Varsity Captain of the
Bucks Rock Track Team.

Rules of Street Hoops (AKA: Stroops)

1. Wear proper Hoopin' Attire.
2. No dribbling
3. the ball is always at play, there are no out of bounds
4. showboating, profanity and obnoxiousness are encouraged
5. play only at night.
6. everything is referred to as the Hoop, including but not limited to: the ball, the court, the basket, other players and yourself.
7. if your parts fall down, you are not allowed to pick them back up
8. Don't be a Hoop Hog.

Anatomy of a Street Hooper



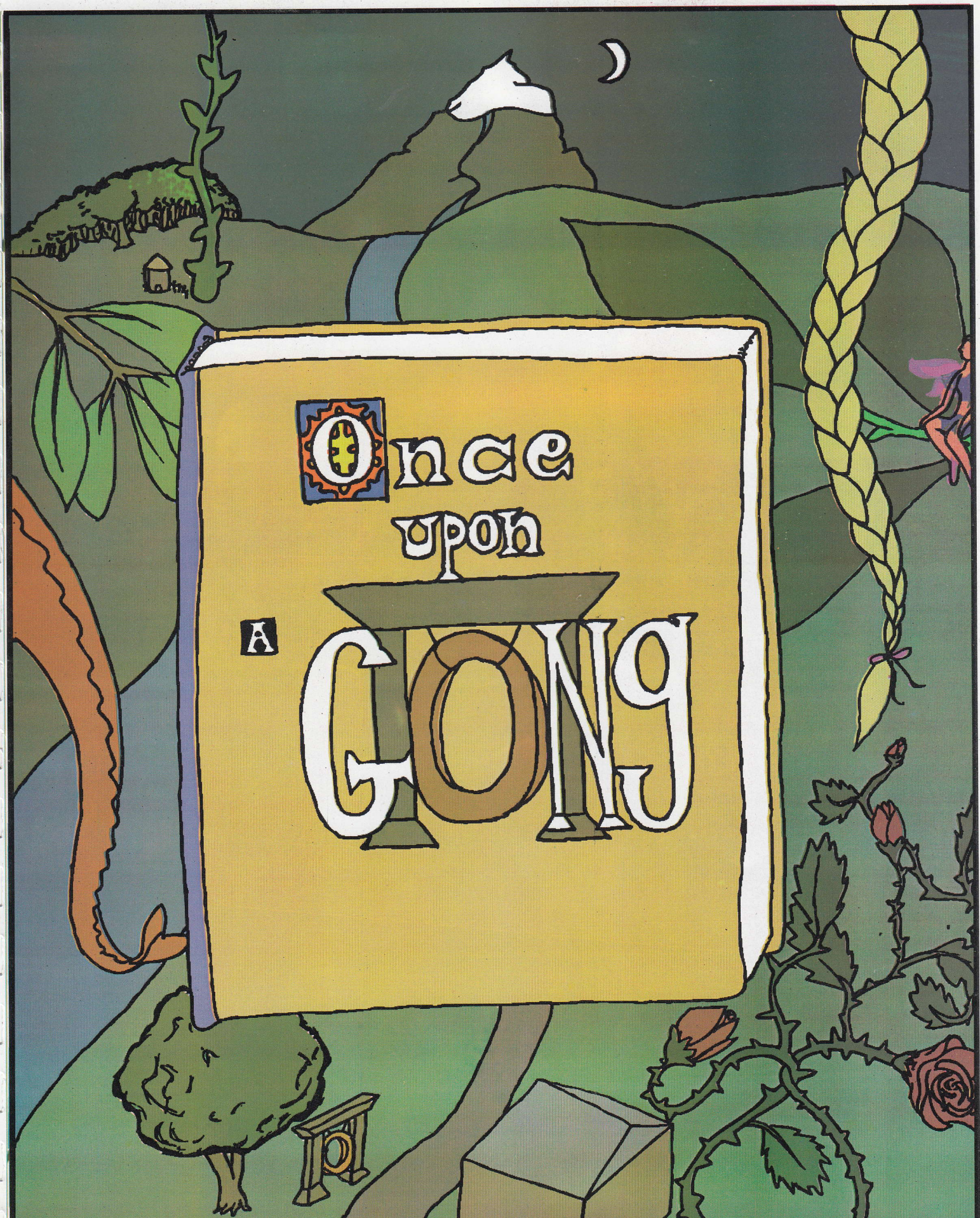


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Words are knowledge
They are correction
They are a way of life
Pictures are words
They are the visual
They are our connection
Design is Pictures
It is flow
It is correlation
Words are
Pictures are
Design is
What we are
What we do
What we breathe
A memory
A magical place
Where anything is possible

Roberta Miller



Once
upon

A

GONG



PUB 2017



A VERY PECULIAR NERVE

BY

KENNY MURPHY

For whatever reason, mettle ran thick back then. Folks were tougher. The Shop, even before it was a Shop, was bound for remarkable things. Put your good ear to the wind and you just might hear mention of that time, even still. People haven't stopped talking...

Let's be clear: Bob Dicke was the sort of man who could uproot a tree with his hands, and would just to see the look on your face. He was, I can tell you, one of those larger-than-life types. Some say he walked as tall as a Berkshire Mountain; others hold that he was certainly very large, or, at least, would have to be given the things they'd heard. For instance, they say Bob Dicke once saved a town from ruin by lying down and levying his body against a torrent of rushing floodwater. The details may have twisted over time, but Bob no doubt did something that night, and the town was saved regardless. The residents, overjoyed by their strange and good fortune, even threw a feast in Bob's honour, but Bob did not attend. Instead, he set off into the nearby wood with no particular reason in mind other than the firm belief that somewhere, in some way, he was needed, and he'd be cursed if he even once missed the chance to help.

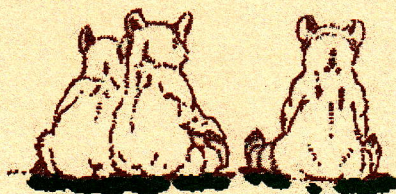
"Ah I'll see ya later," Bob said, his back turned as he gave a single downward wave with his hand and sauntered into the forest. He looked only forward, but the town would never forget. And as time passed and the story circled Bob's size grew and grew. You see, most folks figure a man is as large as his deeds, and in Bob's case enormous deeds suggest an enormous

stature. But if you ask me Bob's enormity was not in his build, or his height, but his heart. And in heart Bob was not alone.

They say Ian and Ben Jackson wrangled more bears in their time than could fill the entire state of West Virginia. Yes—the powers of the day, facing a disturbing rise in bear attacks in the East, once cleared everyone out of the Mountain State to repurpose the land as a sort of large-scale bear container. Surprisingly, in what was surely a gross oversight, the task of filling the bear tank was left to a meek-looking English man and his 11-year-old-son. But logic be shot the pair pulled it off: with nothing but grit and the skin of their teeth the Wranglin' Jacksons, as they became known, combed the Eastern seaboard for bears, fought them tooth and nail, and won, moving them to West Virginia systematically, bear by bear, until the job was done. Of course, I'm assured this was a sight to be seen. Ben Jackson, fearless, moved between countless cubs and mothers while Ian, always steadfast, came from behind wielding a tree branch, never once missing his mark. Although Ian was at first hesitant to use his only son as bait, as any good parent would be, Ben ultimately convinced his father that this was the right course by proving his skill at improvising pantomime to lure bears by making them angry. In the end, however, turns out Ian and Ben wrangled more bears than West Virginia could take: too full, she burst, and the bears wandered home. Still, takes a lot of heart to do what they did. They were good to each other, and made a good team.



Emma, I'm told, was duly tough. Born without a surname, Emma had no known beginning or end. She was just there—always, always—like fire to the sun. Fiercest glares this side of Tennesseetucky, Emma could stop a freight train in its tracks with insomuch as a dirty look. Her scowl could move mountains. By God, in her heyday Emma could successfully guilt the sky for raining, which she did time and time and time again. Terrifying when she wanted, sweet when needed, Emma had no clearly outlined function besides making everything around her better. Because of Emma, things just ran smoother, and folks talked more openly. I've heard that Emma once mediated a lasting peace between a brawling bobcat and coyote simply because the two were making too much noise. She jumped in the middle without hesitation, and after seven hours of continuous arbitration all were better for it. As a general rule, you went to Emma if you needed someone with guts. Heart, too: they say you could count on her for that.

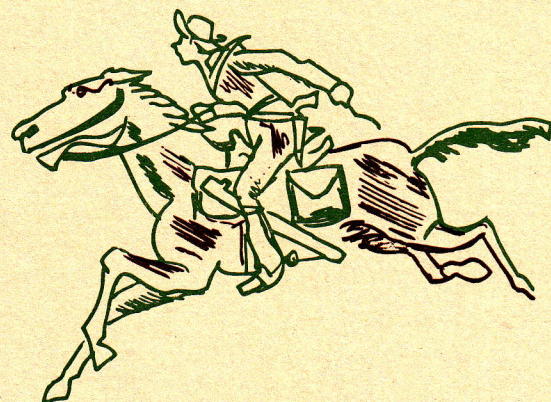


What's more, an open ear can catch talk of Jennifer Morse to this day. Her durable smile, fine and tough, could withstand and outlast the darkest night—the coldest winter. Her laugh could stop a war, and did momentarily on at least one occasion. You see, America's second Civil War, fought with blood over debt and taxes, was paused, briefly, for reasons that are officially denied. However, certain circles insist that two opposing sides, hours deep in battle, once heard Jennifer's happy laugh carried on the wind from afar, and, wordless, dropped their weapons simultaneously, shook their heads and walked away. It was hearing the sound of joy, I imagine, that made those folks second-guess their actions and begin to doubt war altogether. I suppose, in some way, Jennifer's laughter warmed the coals of their silly, hateful hearts, and people have since refused to forget. For what it's worth, I'd say Jen's ability to laugh and smile through the muck is not just a sign of her good-natured way, but a sign of her mettle: you're only as tough as your grin.

Eimear McClean, too, had true grit and, I hear, the smirk to prove it. She was, in a word, an assassin, and she was, in a sentence, one of the finest damn assassins these parts have ever known. While her line of work so often leans toward wickedness, it has been said that Emu brought a high level of grace and nobility to an otherwise rotten profession. Fast as a mudslide, Eimear was said to have never failed with any job—they say she didn't have time for it. No, Emu was a professional, and nothing hung her up for long. Besides her murderous precision, Eimear McClean was also known, ironically, for her warmth and good company. Back then, they say, Emu was welcome in most homes: even folks who knew about her life as a contract killer hardly hesitated to invite Eimear to their table. As far as I'm concerned, the fusion of good company and conversation with a steady, graceful hand under pressure is the mark of a true legend, and a sign of spectacular nerve.

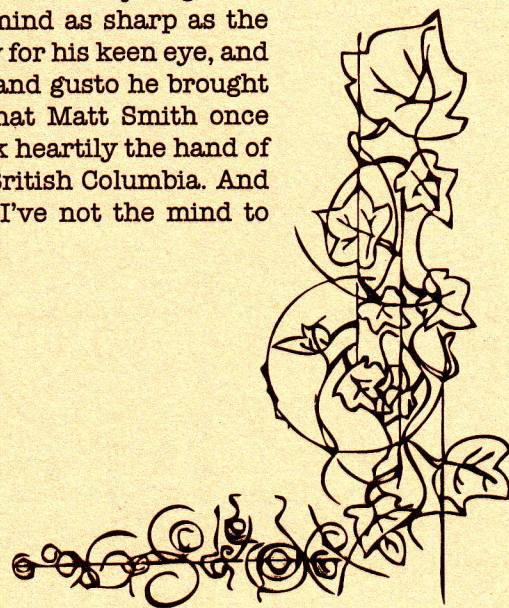
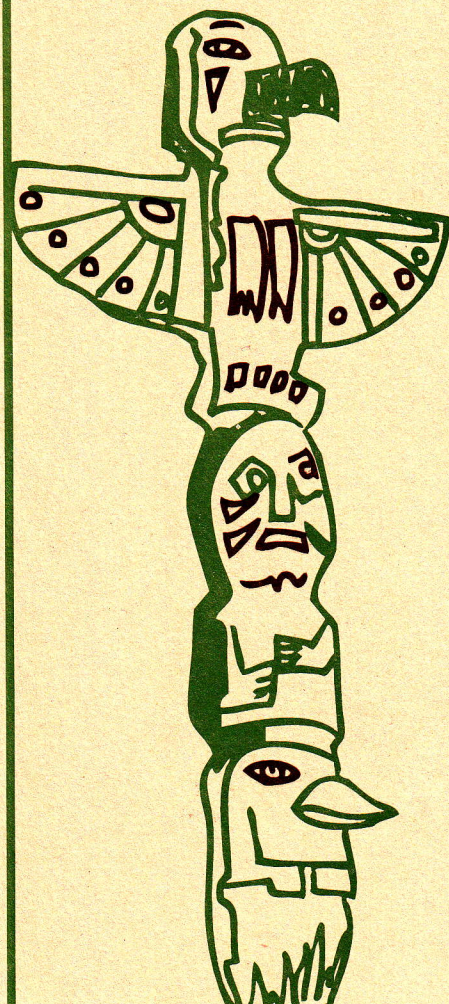


Likewise, Lesley Steele had nerve and spirit as thick and true as a redwood pine. Folks around here remember: that name, when mentioned, still pierces a crowd like a tubular bell. To this day gentle hushes fall upon busy tables when a voice perks up, out of the noise, to tell her tale. I've been told many times, in no uncertain terms, of Lesley's strength and dedication. In times of need, in times of silence, in times of fire, gloom, and struggle Lesley stood tall, or fought, or grit her teeth and held on for the sake of all that mattered. They say Lesley Steele once saved a young family from a bold pack of feral dogs. They say Lesley Steele once fought her way through a snake pit to give a child a hug. They say, even, that Lesley Steele drew the face on the moon, but of this I'm skeptical: from what I hear, she would have done a better job. Yes, besides being tough as granite and full of heart, Lesley was a real ace. Put simply, she did things right. And that's pretty great.



Kate Twomey, or Kate the Kid, was what they call a mechanical genius. Hand her any broken thing, ask for help, and faster than a handshake she could fix that thing, twice over, blindfolded and half-asleep. In the Midwest she's known for catching and mending a structural flaw in the design of Michigan that would have caused the Upper Peninsula to eventually collapse in upon itself and partly fall into Lake Superior. Yes, Kate Twomey belonged to a special class of men and women brought into situations to weed out weakness and replace it with strength. In short, Kate was a ringer. And anyone who knows a thing knows the high degree of heart and mettle those in this role need.

Matt Smith, I know, was another figure whose name and acts, to this day, linger. A master of disguise, the gifted Smith could successfully wear two hats at once, and those he helped in times of strife hardly forgot the thanks they owed him. With a mind as sharp as the day is long, Matt Smith was know for his keen eye, and the high degree of commitment and gusto he brought to every task. They say even that Matt Smith once rooted out, befriended, and shook heartily the hand of Sasquatch in the wilderness of British Columbia. And given his heart, and his pluck, I've not the mind to doubt it.





As far as power trios go, Bridget Cavanagh, Jessy Katz, and Roberta Miller formed what could be reasonably called a holy triumvirate of grit and frantic ambition. Although different in many ways, Cavanagh, Katz, and Miller, as they became known, were charged by circumstance with finding a way to work together, and work together they did. Individually, too, they brimmed with hulking deeds. Bridget Cavanagh, they say, once flew a kite so high and large it interfered with Halley's Comet. The rock, before this moment, was meant to pass the planet and never return, but Cavanagh's kite lassoed the thing, and making the best of a strange situation—as she so often did—Bridget tied it down somewhere in North Dakota, and it has returned in orbit ever since. Jessy Katz once led a group of downtrodden steel workers in a protest so strong it brought a corrupt and oppressive mill to its quivering knees. Katz, not employed by the company, came across the striking workforce by chance, but a gut instinct and unwavering hunger for justice led Jessy to the forefront of the movement, and proud revolutionaries to this day still carry her name on the tips of their tongues. Roberta Miller, I'm told, once grew a peach to a size so large it could properly seal the Cumberland Gap. She, in her prime, worked gallantly to become a leading expert on cultivation and the nurturing of things both small and delicate. And beyond this Miller was generous too: that peach made a cobbler so delicious and large that folks near and far were happy and full for months. Yes, Cavanagh, Katz, and Miller were, as they say, adept—incredible, even—and their passionate approach and efforts endear them to many. Some even hold that, if not for their brazen strength and wherewithal, we would all be cold and dead, or at the very least a little sadder...



Truth be told, the Shop of broad shoulders was not built plane by plane, plate by plate, or press by press. The Shop, even before it was a Shop, was never really tangible. No, the Shop was made of peculiar nerve—always, always—heart and mettle. And as more time passes some might come to question it, call a tale tall, but really who are they to doubt? Can they disprove a thing?

ROBERTA

Spiders
Bugs
Little Bugs
Big
Is That A Beetle In A Cup
Go Take It Outside
PUB!
Shaking
Moving
Movers And Shakers
Printers
Return Of The Crappy Toner
New Movie?
PUB!
Fans
Many Fans
Too Few
Always Too Few
SOOO Hot
PUB!
Paper
All The Colors
Day-Glow
Shiny
Plates
And Plain
PUB!
Lists
Endless Lists
Names And
Programs And
Editors And
Dates
PUB!
Is That An Article?
Chase It
Grab It
Don't Let It Escape Men
PUB!
Noise
So Much Noise
Printing
Music
Trivia
"Nobody Print"
PUB!

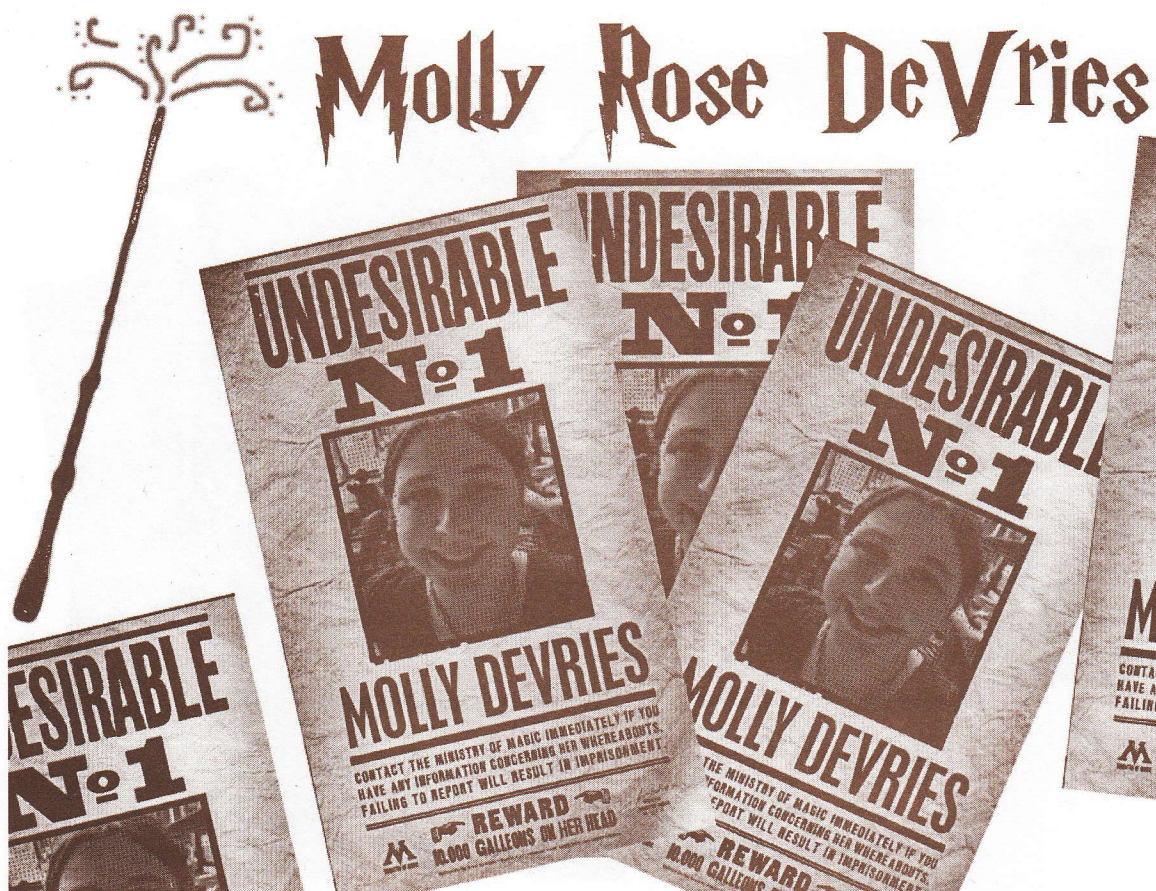
Then There Is The Good
The Maybe
And The Downright And Plain Bad
The So-So
The "Whadya Say"
And The "I Told You So"
PUB!
The Meetings
"We Done"
"I Think We Are Done"
"Anyone Gonna Move?"
PUB!
The People
Campers
CITs
Staff
Endless
Except When You Are Bored
PUB!
Newspapers
Is That A Cookbook?
Lit Mags
And Workshops
And Pages
And Pages
Of Yearbook
PUB!
Then The Spellchecking
And The Changing
And The Checking
Then We Print
"I Said Nobody Print!"
Whoops,
Sorry
PUB!
And That Is My Summer
MY Job
My Time
In So Many Words
And Columns
And Pages
And God Knows How Many
Drafts
But That's
PUB!
And That's Life

MILLER



Pub 2011
Louis Nye





Jacob Maren

This was my fourth year at Buck's Rock. This has been my first year working at Pub. Now I wish I did it for the other years I have been here. I worked with the newspaper and I am layout for the yearbook. I also helped Bob sometimes to print. The newspaper was really fun. What I did was I interviewed Forrest. That was really fun. Working with Bob was also really fun. I got to print with him at the end of the session. I wish I had done that from the start. With layout I had to pick what fonts we had and also what each page would look like in the yearbook.

My suggestion is to go to Pub. They have an awesome staff and they can help you. I had an awesome time this year in Pub and I will do a lot more again next year.

Hi, this is Sara Miller! Sorry, my editorial will be all thank yous, but this is really important, so oh well. First thanks to all of Girls House Down: you're cool. Love and hugs to my counselors Lu, Mimi, and Katy, who help me when I need help. I'll remember you forever. Virtual hugs to the two Zoe's, Jelyn, and Bella for being great friends. Thank you Ethan, you've always been nice to me, and I appreciate that. Awesomeness to Stella, for being a fellow writer, a very good one, and being cool-wacky. Also, awesomeness to Maya, you're an amazing guitar player and singer, and a loyal friend. Thanks for keeping me company in Our Town. Thank you Lily, for being ultra-cool and keeping me from being bored in tech rehearsal for Our Town. "ttyl" really helped.

© Kudos to my first session roommates Sophie and Kathryn, Sophie for being in Sweeney Todd and getting the songs stuck in my head, along with being cool, Kathryn for talking about all sorts of stuff with Maxine and me. I miss you, Kathryn. Thank you Pub, Radio, Sewing, Painting, Culinary, Batik, Book Arts, and Theatre. Thank you Bob and Emma, for being nice to me and being the people who hold Pub together. Thank you Kenny, for being awesome and also being a supernatural addict. Thank you Leslie, you're a really lovely person and you better come back next year! Also, thanks for putting my necklace in the Metals Camper Works section. ;) Thank you Helen, for convincing me to go to more Culinary classes, and Pam and Zoe from Sewing, you helped me so much. Thank you Jade, the babies will take over the world someday, I predict it! Thanks Ian, for liking my insanely scary stories and Chris Forby for liking my artwork and being a friend of my grandpa. Thank you Roger, for not only being my mom's friend, but my friend too! I will miss you Barnaby Pumpnickel. Stella and I had lots of fun playing with you that one time. (E.g. "Ahh! Barnaby's eating my hand!") Thank you Julian Morris, you're really sweet and I hope you have a great rest of the summer! Thank you Julia, I love your hyperness and Barbie hair, you kept me moving this summer! Thank you Rachel, for being the mostly sensible person in the room, except when you let your other side out! Special virtual hugs to my BFFL Maxine, you do exceptional manga, but thank you most of all for being my first friend at Buck's Rock this year! Love ya! Special thanks to my dark chocolate stash, you made me feel better when I was sad. Dark chocolate always does! Thanks also to peace hearts, my stories, my Multiverse, and teal! Thank you to my Mom, Dad and little sister, Sabrina. It's been fun having cell phone conversations with you! Sabrina, I hope you come to Buck's Rock when you're 10, you would really love it here, just like I do now. Just a few more years, kiddo! Dad, just want to say, I've seen tons of cute squirrels here! Sara laughs at inside joke. Thank you again to my Mom and my grandparents, who were once Directors, thank you for encouraging me to go to Buck's Rock. It really paid off! Thank you Mickey and Laura: you're doing a great job as the Directors. Finally, thank you Ernst and Ilse who made this camp a reality. Peace out!



Quacks to
the yearbook
staff of
2011

(get it, like claps)

Rachel Berger



I wonder what
I should do for
my editorial?

Imagine what would happen if the pub shop was not of existence. The world would come to an end, giant bananas would take over, dinosaurs would come back, the oceans would rise and cover all the continents, Lady Gaga would wear normal clothing, but most dramatic and deadly of all would be not being able to have a Buck's Rock Yearbook. The yearbook isn't just a look at how our camp was: it's a look back on how our lives were. Also it shows how one summer after another could quickly change our lives. This yearbook will always be with us, whether it's hidden in a closet or lost under the bed. We will always imagine what it would be like if we didn't have it.

Nahhhhhh. That's too cheesy, and I have a constipated look on my face.

By: Nate Cohen, Photo Editor

**i worked for yearbook
and all i got
was this lousy editor page**

mark gartsbeyn

Ideas for Editorial:

-Ants



-Diagram

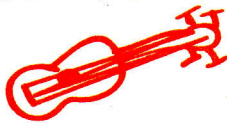
Cleavage?

-Deep Thoughts

-Poem

Because I do not give a damn.

-Ukulele



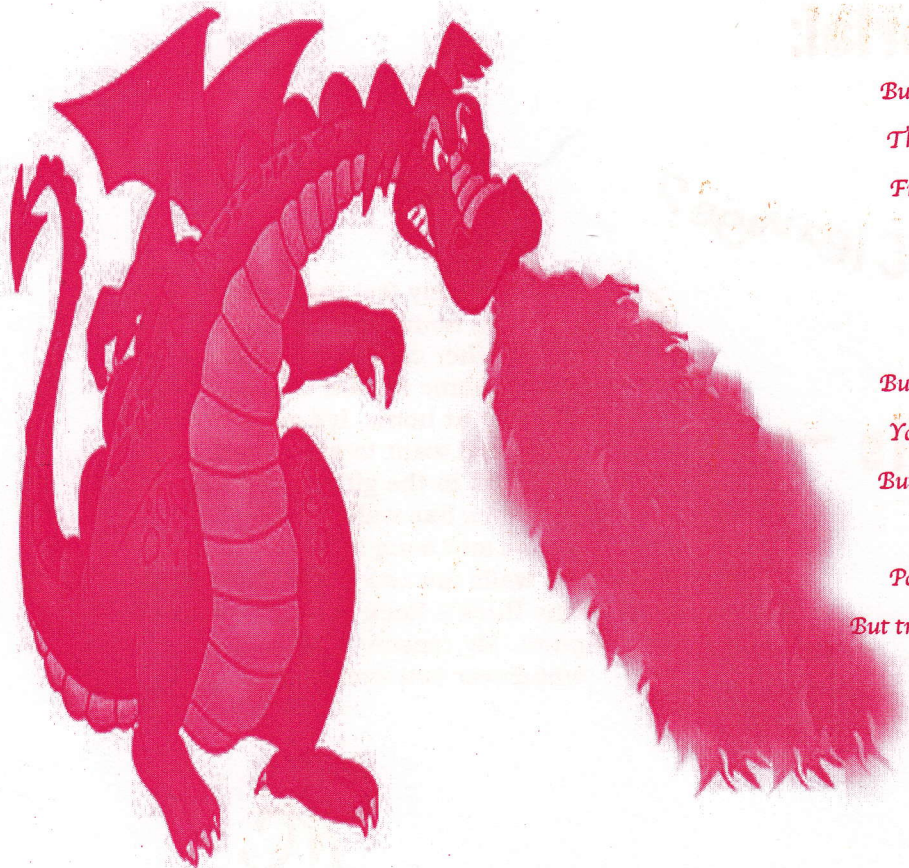
I definitely feel that I have found a second home at Buck's Rock. After trying other camps and always finding some reason to spend my summer at home, it's good to try a camp and want to stay there. The first stall in the girls' bathroom near Ceramics has walls covered in poems and song lyrics, but mostly the walls are covered with reasons why Buck's Rock is such a special place. My reason: you can be whomever you want to be.

MC

Maddy Cohen

As I watched my world crumble, I couldn't help but feel as if I was falling.
And as I fell deeper into the cold hole that used to be a fairytale, I cried.
It wasn't because of what I'd lost.
I don't really know why I cried.
I just wanted to get out.
HELP
Help
Help
I called, but no one came.
I felt betrayed, by those whom I thought had loved me.
I could never trust again.
But there was no one for me to trust, no one left, just me.
Could I become someone else?
Who would I be?
Who would notice?
Only me.
But could that be enough?
To change one person's opinion?
The one that matters most.
If I am confident in myself, others might see.
And I can
climb
Climb
CLIMB
And escape the misery.

Janna Adelshein
Writing Editor



Fairytales may only exist in one's heart,
But they are the place where all imaginations start,
They have the possibility to provoke passion in all,
From the young to the old, to the short to the tall,
If you look closely unicorns exist everywhere,
You just have to have the power to dare,
You may not believe in all that they say,
But the morals in fairytales are those not to betray,
You may encounter dragons every once in a while,
But you must face them with morals from when you
were a child,
Poisonous apples and fairies may not exist to you,
But trust me, you should follow what mother goose says to
do!

- Kayla Rudess
Layout editor

JON FRIER

*Saturday,
3rd December 2011
2.00 - 4.00pm*

*The NY Society for Ethical Culture
New York, NY 10023
2 West 64th Street at Central Park West*

Buck's **R**ock
Reunion

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